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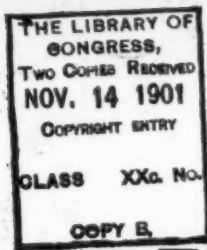
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TWENTY-FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
"OUR PRESIDENT."



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 1

THANKSGIVING.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

My heart gives thanks for many things!
For strength to labor day by day,
For sleep that comes when darkness wings
With evening up the eastern way.
I give deep thanks that I'm at peace
With kith and kin and neighbors, too;
Dear Lord, for all last year's increase,
That helped me strive and hope and do.

My heart gives thanks for many things!
I know not how to name them all.
My soul is free from frets and stings,
My mind from creeds and doctrine's thrall.
For sun and stars, for flow'rs and streams,
For work and hope and rest and play,
For empty moments given to dreams—
For these my heart give thanks today.

Yes, Lord, my thanks for many things—
But one thing thou hast given, is best—
I thank thee for the song it sings,
I thank thee for its golden crest.
Of all thy gifts to man on earth
Love is the best, the good, the great;
My soul has given a dream, love-birth:
I thank thee for the happy state.

TWO YEARS IN LUZON.

I. FILIPINO CHARACTERISTICS.

THEOPHILUS G. STEWARD, CHAPLAIN U. S. A.

I was told by the Filipino scholar, poet and philologist, Don Pedro A. Paterno, that the word Manila, like the word Luzon, is of Tagalog origin. The latter word is used also as a name for the tub, or mortar, in which rice is beaten, or pounded, out of its hull. It is a question whether the tub received its name from the island or the island from the tub. Without any evidence on either side, from certain reasons springing out of the relation of one to the other, I incline to the opinion that the island received its name from the tub. The name Cuba signifies *tub* also; and investigation there may throw light on the question in both countries. According to Paterno, the name Manila comes from an herb that was not esteemed an herb of very ordinary character known as Nila, that grew in profusion on the spot where Manila now stands: the first syllable in the word, *Ma*, (originally, *may*) signifying, *I have*; the word meaning "*I have Nila*."

Manila applies properly to the old walled city known as Intramuros; the city within which the Spaniards fortified themselves by walls and ditches, and moats and fortresses, and gates and towers, bearing testimony either to their own fears, or to the prowess of the natives. In all the United States there is no city with the one-hundredth part of the fortifications, relatively speaking, that Manila has. These fortifications and their *raison d'être*, we will consider later; at present we must complete the description of the plan of the city.

Separated from Manila proper lie the great arabales, or suburbs, now much more important than the city within the

walls. These are: Tondo, Binondo, Santa Cruz, San Sebastian, Quiapo, Sampaloc and San Miguel.

The names Tondo, Binondo, Sampaloc and Quiapo are probably Tagalog. Quiapo is the name of a wild water-plant that is often seen floating down the Pasig river, succulent, and formerly very valuable as food for the hog, the honored animal of the Orient; Sampaloc is from the name of a fruit tree which is still found in the district. At present, I am not able to give the derivation of Tondo and Binondo; but it is reasonably safe to conclude they have been taken from nature. South of Manila, and separated from it by the Luneta Park, lie the suburbs of Ermita and Malaate; and South-east, the suburb Paco.

The streets of the city outside of the walls, which are, as has been said, the more important part, are very irregular, crooked and narrow, with no sidewalks worthy the name, poorly paved, and in the business hours considerably crowded. Within the walled city they are more regular, better paved, and there is some show of sidewalks. Rizal describes the streets of the city without the walls thus: "Let the sun shine two days in succession and the thoroughfares are filled with dust that covers everything, making every passer-by cough and sneeze; let it rain a day, and they become a pool of stagnant water which at night reflects the wheels of the coaches and splashes to the walls of the houses in the narrow streets. How many women have not left in that sea of mud their embroidered slippers!" So wrote Rizal in 1886, and so he might write today; and with the



THE RAINY SEASON IN MANILA.

following language he describes the city in its panoramic movement: "Animation bustles everywhere, coaches turning hither and thither to avoid collision, carromatas and caleses; Europeans, Chinese and natives, each one with his peculiar dress, the fruit sellers, the peddlers, the naked porters, the eating stands, the hotels, the restaurants, the stores, the cart drawn by the imperturbable carabaow who creeps along solemnly philosophizing as he goes, all the noise, the concus-



AN AMERICAN SOLDIER AND HIS FILIPINO BRIDE.

See page 9.

sions, even the sun itself, a certain peculiar odor, the incongruous colors, awakened in his memory a world of sleeping reflections.

Of the buildings little need be said. The churches are large and uniform in style; some of the residences in the suburbs are magnificent and spacious; the palace and other public buildings, the former governor's mansion, the convents and colleges, the observatory and hospitals, would each furnish material for a chapter; but leaving these out of the description, the buildings both within and without the walled city are neither attractive nor significant. Again I may quote from our Filipino author. De-

scribing the residence of Don Santiago de los Santos, popularly known as Captain Tiago, he says, "It is a house of large size and of the general style of the country, rather low, and its lines are by no means correct, whether because the architect who constructed it could not see well, or as the result of earthquakes and hurricanes, it would be impossible to say. A broad stairway with green banisters and carpeted steps leads from the zaguan, or portal paved with bluish tiles, to the principal floor, passing between flower pots, and baskets of flowers placed on Chinese pedestals of fanciful coloring and artistic design. If we go up these steps we will at once land in a spacious hall, called I know not for what reason, Caida (Fall) which on this night serves for supper room, and also for saloon for the orchestra." The two points specially noticeable in the Spanish house in the Philippines, are the stable and the carriage house on the first floor sending up their noise and odor, more or less, to the rooms above; and secondly, the water-closet of a most primitive character, immediately joining the kitchen, its door invariably opening in close proximity to where the food is cooking.

So much for the city in general, the public buildings and private residences, from the mansion to the hovel; now let us inquire a little into the social life of the Filipinos.

We may do this better by beginning with the family. The family in the Philippines differs considerably from the family in the United States; and little as we may regard it, the Filipinos can furnish us, both by precept and example, many beautiful lessons of domestic affection. The family of a man in Luzon, includes all his brothers and sisters, all his uncles and aunts, all his cousins, all his nieces and nephews, all his cousin's children, his parents and grand-parents, his children and grand-children; and to them all he is bound to give asylum and extend hospitality.

I have yet to see or hear the first sign of complaint on this account. Nephews, nieces, cousins and brothers seem to have equal affection with the children. It is



THE UNWILLING BRIDE—GOING TO THE CHURCH.

See page 8.

not unusual to find as many as from thirty to fifty persons living in one house all being members of the family. Every member appears to feel it his duty to see that every other member of the family is provided for; and if fortune comes to one, he seems at once to recognize his duty to the others, especially to the orphans and widows.

A short time since I met a young Filipino, a school-teacher at Masinloc, and in conversation I asked him why he did not marry. His answer was, "I cannot. My father died some time ago: my mother is not able to do more than keep the house; and I have two little brothers that have seen nothing yet but misery. In my father's life-time I saw comfort, and was sent to Manila to school. I cannot do anything for myself until I have provided comfort for my little brothers, corresponding to that which I have enjoyed."

The subordination of the family to the authority of the *Dueno de la casa*, the head of the house, is complete; and there are but few evidences of chastisement.

There is but little whipping among the natives, and but little quarreling. Among the mestizos and Spaniards of Manila I have known of serious family quarrels; but I have known of none among the people of other places, and I have never seen but one boy resisting authority.

As an illustration of this subordinate spirit I relate the following conversation between myself and Inocencio Elayda, school-teacher in Iba, Zambales. I asked him how he got along with the big boys in his school.

"Very well."

"Do you ever have to punish them?"

"Sometimes."

"What kind of punishment do you use?"

"I put them on their knees and keep them in that position for a few minutes."

"Do they ever resist, or refuse to kneel down when you order them to?"

"No, sir."

"If one should resist or refuse what would you do?"

"I would insist."

"Suppose still he would refuse, what then?"

This seemed to puzzle him, but he finally answered: "I would counsel him and



COMING FROM THE CHURCH.

See page 8.

show him that it was his duty to obey me in school."

"If he should still refuse, what would you do?"

"I would warn him that if he did not comply promptly he would be running the risk of having his name blotted off the school roll."

This was said with great solemnity, as though the thought that compliance would not readily be given under such warning, could not be entertained. Nowhere in the answers of the teacher was there the least intimation that violence, or even force of any kind other than moral, would be employed.

I then asked him, "For what offences do you have to punish?"

"Chiefly for fighting. If two boys fight I make both kneel down. If one is more in the wrong than the other, I have him ask pardon. I always have them become reconciled."

Aguinaldo's government provided for the contracting of civil marriages without the consent or sanction of the church, prescribing the form of the marriage contract. Marriage among the Filipinos had been an important affair from earliest times, and the Spaniards had enacted many laws on the subject, the Church employing it as one of the means of deriving funds.

At present, one can see tacked upon posts of important bridges, on public buildings in the towns, and in front of prominent stores, announcements of coming marriages. In Bani I witnessed an imposing procession, consisting of a father and his retinue, going to ask the hand of a daughter of an equal, for his son. When the time of marriage arrives there are, in the provincial towns, processions, music, ornaments and flowers and prodigious feasts. It sometimes happens that marriages are made for young people by their parents which are not acceptable to the young people themselves; and, on the other hand, I have seen many runaway matches, under the reign of the Americans. I have known a young couple to travel for days to get to Manila to be married by a Protestant, because their parents refused consent when both

were over twenty-one years of age. The spirit of resistance to parental authority in regard to marriage seems to be an entirely new thing and born of American occupation.

The picture herewith represents a bridal procession having an unwilling bride, leading, or rather carrying her to the wedding. The two ladies in front are dancing as they go along. The groom may be seen on the left in the rear of the procession dressed in black; the bride is carried by force in a chair in the midst of the group as she refused to walk, and at the church during the ceremony she remained mute.

A case of this kind has been presented to the American authorities in Manila from another town by the woman thus bound against her consent, praying for a legal annulment of the marriage. In her declaration, as given in the newspapers, she says she never gave her consent, and did not take any part in the ceremony.

The gaiety manifested in this picture was probably intended to divert the victim and win her over to acquiescence; but if so, it failed of its object. She remained obdurate to the last. The second picture shows the procession coming from the church after the *sacrifice*. The groom is now near the front on the left walking under the umbrella of his father; behind them may be seen a colored American soldier, one of the 25th Infantry. In the centre of the picture the most striking figure is the elderly lady with a cigarette in her mouth. Unfortunately when my artist, R. M. Adkins (Tommy Adkins), of the Hospital corps, made the snap shot, this old lady's figure exactly covered the bride, so that we have the bridal procession with the bride left out, which agrees with the actual facts; for, in reality, there was no bride. The acting bride is walking under the white umbrella, held over her by a friend. Among the ladies the reader can observe one more cigarette. Probably one-half of the ladies were smoking, it being a

rare thing to find a girl over fourteen years who does not smoke, and many smoke when under five years of age.

But there is another element coming into Filipino society, to-wit:—the American soldier, and especially the Negro soldier; and true to his history the Negro is a kind husband here, as elsewhere. An Irishman told me a short time ago of a

he died, "If I had a thousand gyurls, I'd rather every wan of them married nayers."

I have made it my business many times to ask of persons whose experience would likely be valuable. "Did you ever see a black man strike a woman with his fist?" but in my questioning I have not found one who has. I have seen white



HENRY GILBERT, COMPANY H, 25TH INFANTRY, MANILA.

See page 10.

friend of his in Wisconsin, a good Irishman, who, he says, is dead now, "And I won't belie the man," who had five daughters. Three of them married colored men and he said "they used to come home looking nice, wearing good clothes, and they were happy; the other two married Irishmen, and had h——,"—and he says the old man said before

women knocked down by white men. I have seen white men hit good-looking women in the face, cruel blows with clenched fists. The Negro is not the only brute.

But I do not care to press this subject further. It is more agreeable to present to the reader this good-looking, benevolent-faced soldier, with his happy

looking Filipino girl sitting on his lap. This is his little wife, and he does not know and does not care, perhaps, that the snap has caught him and that he goes to ornament these pages. During my stay in Manila I married many couples, Chinese and Filipinos, one African and a Filipino, and some American couples, and attended one important purely Filipino social function. This was a dinner given in honor of a wedding and took place January 29, 1900. Altogether there were about fifty persons present, including the orchestra of ten or a dozen pieces. Accompanying me, were Chaplain Allensworth and Mr. Prautsch. The dinner was served in good style, and after the

meal was over the guests enjoyed themselves in smoking, chatting and singing, the women smoking equally with the men.

GILBERTISMS.

"Gilbert, have you ever noticed how easy it is to raise chickens and pigs in this country?"

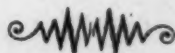
"Indeed I have, Chaplain. You sure did speak the truth that time, specially in regards of raising chickens. These people here can raise chickens *out o' sight*. They raised one from me last week so *high* that I never did see it again. Yes, sir, this is a good country for raising chickens, you bet."

TO _____.

(A SONNET.)

JAMES D. CORROTHERS.

Beyond the hilltops to the north and west,
 Beyond the dells, and past the pleasant streams,
 Beyond the lakes that murmur in their dreams
 The liquid fancies of their silver rest—
 In such sweet thoughts as haunt a poet's breast—
 (For *lakes* are *poets*, Love) there dwells my theme's
 Sweet idol, *you*, Beloved, O Love, it seems
 That of all women you are first and best!
 I love you deeply, and my soul would prove
 Its passion, Dearest, on this page for you.
 What shall I say?—O Love, believe me true!
 Ask lake and hilltop if they know my song;
 Ask stream and dell, and airs that bear along
 My soul's blown odors, if they know my love.





BY OLIVER G. WATERS.

PART II. GLIMPSES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

To the outside world Pittsburg is best known as a great industrial centre, and only those who have been fortunate enough to visit this great city in recent years, are familiar with its social life. The same spirit of enterprise and progress which has made this smoky town the Sheffield of America, is also making it a centre of culture. In every walk of life contact is an important factor in the developing of character. As men advance in thought and refinement the desire for congenial contact often finds expression in the formation of clubs. One of the outgrowths of this desire is the Loendi Club of Pittsburg, organized August 13, 1897.

The club house is a three story pressed-brick building, specially adapted to club purposes, and is located on Fulton Street, one of the prominent thoroughfares of the city. It is magnificently furnished throughout, at a great expense. The furnishings of the parlors, particularly, have been most harmoniously selected, and most beautifully arranged. The rich carpets, fine tapestries, beautiful pictures, rosewood piano, and all the furniture and decorations have been selected with rare

taste. In the front parlor is an original picture by Mr. H. O. Tanner, the colored



WILLIAM H. STANTON,
Pittsburg, Pa.

See page 18.

artist, now residing in Paris. It was purchased by Mr. Thomas H. Johnson, during the recent European trip, and presented to the club.



THOMAS JOHNSON,
Pittsburg, Pa.

See page 17.



CHARLES S. GALE,
Pittsburg, Pa.

See page 20.



JOSEPH STANTON,
Pittsburg, Pa.

See page 17.



JOHN M. CLARK,
Pittsburg, Pa.

See page 20.



HOWARD D. WOODSON,
Pittsburg, Pa. *See page 19.*



SAMUEL L. PANGBURN,
Pittsburg, Pa. *See page 19.*



SYLVESTER J. JONES,
Pittsburg, Pa. *See page 20.*



WILLIAM N. PAGE,
Pittsburg, Pa. *See page 15.*

The dining room adjoins the rear parlor and is in charge of Mr. Stirling Austin, the capable steward of the club. On the second floor are to be found the billiard and pool room, the card room, the buffet and bath rooms; and on the third floor are the stewards' apartments.

The Loendi Club is one of the most prosperous organizations of its kind in

Hall is a successful business man and a thorough organizer.

The first president of the club was Attorney William Maurice Randolph, who served two terms. Mr. Randolph was born in Richmond, Va. In 1888 he was admitted to the New York Bar, after graduating from the University of the City of New York. In 1891 he came



RALPH JACKSON, PITTSBURG, PA.

See page 18.

the country, and let it be said to the credit of the Board of Directors that no game of chance of any kind is allowed in the club house.

The father of this club is Mr. George W. Hall. Through his persistency and undaunted enthusiasm, he succeeded in interesting many of the influential men of the community in his project. Mr.

to Pittsburg and was admitted to the Allegheny County Bar. He became interested in politics, and his ability as a speaker and a worker readily won for him the recognition of the political powers. In 1895 Mr. Randolph was one of the delegates who appeared before the National Republican Committee and presented the claims of Pittsburg as the

place for holding the National Republican Convention of 1896. In November, 1896, he was elected the presidential elector from the 22d congressional district of Pennsylvania. In 1898 he was elected by the chairman of the Republican City Committee to address the Legis-

Mary Durham, sister to Mr. John Durham, ex-Minister to Hayti.



DR. ROBERT BRADY,
Pittsburg, Pa.

See page 21.

The present prosperous condition of the Loendi Club is largely due to the untiring efforts of Mr. William Nelson Page, until very recently vice president and chairman of the House Committee. All the time that he could spare from his exacting duties as stenographer for the Carnegie Steel Company has been given to the upbuilding of the club. He has thus helped very greatly to make the Loendi what it is today—a credit to the city of Pittsburg. Interesting to add, that



MISS PAULINE WITT,
Pittsburg, Pa.

See page 18.

lative Committee on municipal corporations, in opposition to a bill then pending to make Pittsburg a city of the first class. That same year he was also appointed on the commission to divide the city of Pittsburg into election districts.

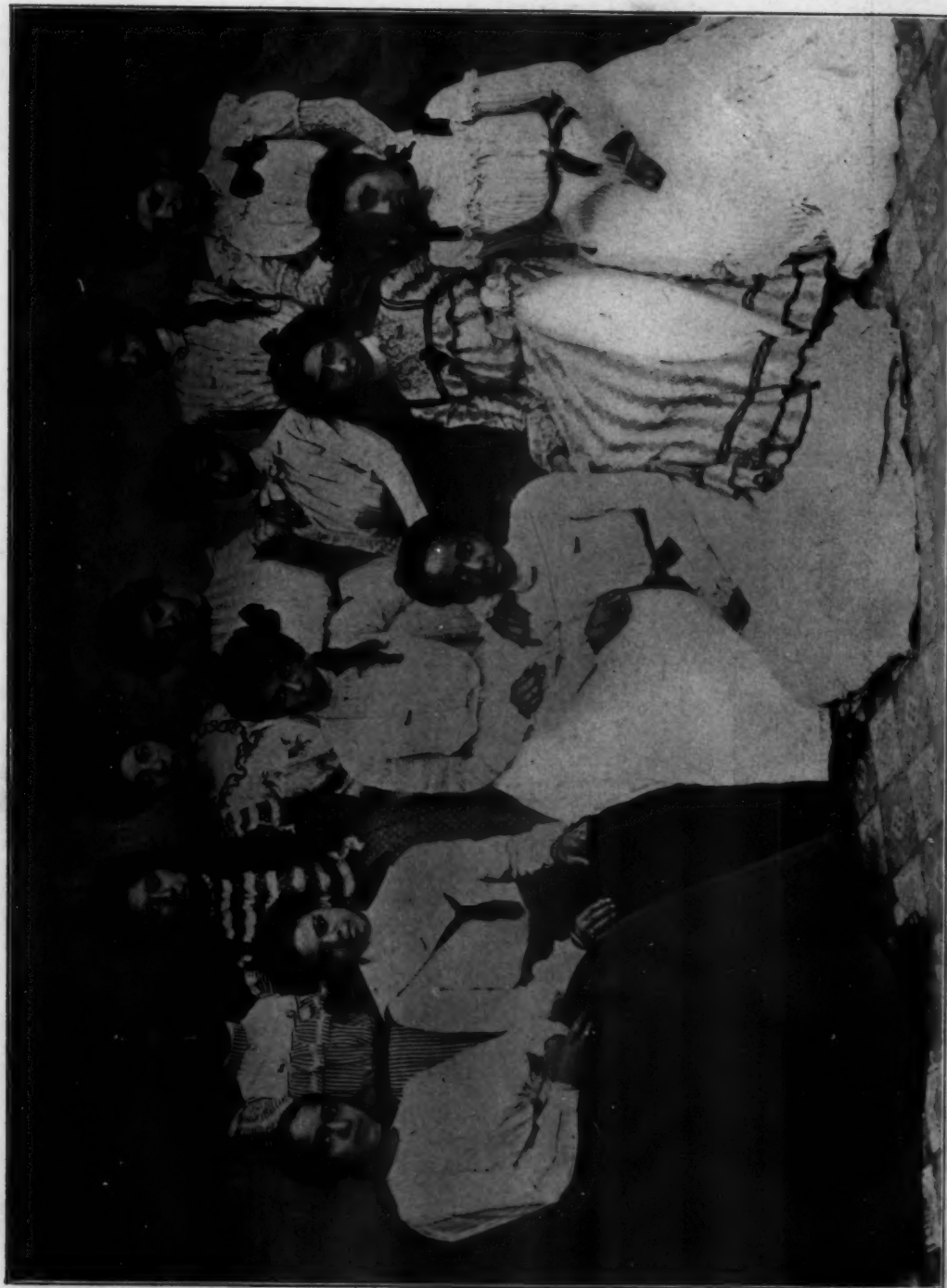
Mr. Randolph is a successful lawyer and has a very lucrative practice. He was married about four years ago to Miss



WILLIAM M. RANDOLPH,
Pittsburg, Pa.

See page 14.

Mr. Page is at the head of the stenographic force in the sales department of



THE NARCISSEUS MUSICAL AND LITERARY CLUB, PITTSBURGH, PA.

See page 17.

the Carnegie Company, comprising fourteen persons, and besides has charge of the distribution of all the mail in that department.

Mr. Page has been with the Carnegie Company for the past eleven years. His ability and merit have been recognized and rewarded. He was married in May, 1901, to Miss Catherine Ball, a most accomplished young lady, who comes from one of the oldest families in Pittsburg.

Mr. Page is a member of the Y. M. C. A., and has been at the head of many notable social affairs. He is always ready to assist in any worthy movement for the elevation of the race.

Mr. Thomas Johnson has been the treasurer of the club since it was organized, and seems to have a life position. He is one of our most substantial business men, and is held in high esteem among all who know him. His efforts to help the Loendi to its present proud position will always be remembered and appreciated. The picture, "Nicodemus coming to Christ," presented by Mr. Johnson, was put on exhibition in the Salon at Paris; at the Art Institute, Chicago; and at the Penn. Academy of Fine Arts, and was awarded the Lippincott Prize. This picture, as the reader will remember, was painted by the colored artist, H. O. Tanner.

Mr. Joseph Stanton, who resigned in July as corresponding secretary of the House Committee of the Loendi Club, was born in Pittsburg, August 11, 1871. He graduated from the public school in 1886, and entered the high school, graduating from the commercial department in 1888. He secured employment with the firm of McConway & Torley, the largest manufacturers of railroad malleable castings in the city, as office boy. He was soon advanced to a clerkship. Later, he took an evening course in telegraphy and short-hand at the Pittsburg College of Short-hand, and on graduation was made stenographer and telegraph operator, which position he now holds.

Mr. Stanton is the only colored telegraph operator in the city and is well and favorably known among the operators of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Company. He has also been active in politics, having been for five years register assessor of his district. He is a brother to W. H. Stanton, whose sketch appears elsewhere in this issue of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The other members of the Board are S. L. Pangburn, stenographer in the sheriff's office; W. E. Billows, assistant district attorney of Allegheny County; Mr. Louis H. Woodson, one of our promising business men, and Mr. Edwin Cyrus, a well-known Pittsburger, and quite a factor in the social life of the Smoky City. Mr. George W. Wilson, who holds a very important position with R. W. Jenkenson & Co., is vice president. Mr. J. W. Peck, a former president of the club, is mentioned elsewhere in this article.

A most encouraging sign among the young ladies of Pittsburg is that there seems to be a general spirit of ambition; ambition to gain culture for the sake of culture. They seem to realize the fact that the world will demand more of them than it did of their mothers. The cry, "I can find nothing to do," is gradually growing fainter, and young women are beginning to see that education is in itself an end worth striving for.

Regard her as we may, the woman of higher education will always occupy a superior position in the elevation of mankind. Wherever her lot may be cast, her power will be demonstrated. And every effort on the part of young women to make intellectual advancement should be encouraged by all lovers of human progress.

In February, 1901, under the leadership of Miss Elfrieda Hamilton, a graduate of the Allegheny High School, fifteen young colored ladies of the "Smart Set" organized the "Narcissus Literary

and Musical Club." Miss Hamilton is a young lady of excellent ability, and was the originator of the idea of a club of such a character among her girl associates.

Its first president was Miss Pauline Writt, who filled the position with credit. Miss Writt is a graduate of the Pittsburgh High School, and is a most promising young social leader.

The work done to date is highly creditable and does honor to each of its members.

Its present officers are: Miss Anna Dorkins, president; Miss Elfrieda Hamilton, vice president; Miss Pauline Writt, secretary; Miss Berdie Mahoney, treasurer; Miss Luella Jones, mistress of ceremonies, and Miss Luella Waters, critic.

The work of the coming season will embrace a very large field, including the works of the best authors, both literary and musical.

It is to be hoped that young women of the race, all over the country, may speedily fall in line, and organize themselves into bodies having for their object the cultivation of the higher faculties. By so doing they will not only lift themselves, but mankind with them, for such organizations must produce the best thinking women for all time to come.

There are few things, if any, in the great make-up of life, in which a representative of the colored race does not appear. From the hod-carrier to the senator, Ethiopia is well represented. If it is to paint a picture, the representative stands without a superior; if it is to write a book, the representative is ready to give it the touch of the artist; if it is to stand upon the platform, and sway great audiences by words of eloquence, he has long ago proved himself master; thus in every walk of life the gentleman of color has taken a prominent part. Whether it has been a work of genius or a game of skill he has accomplished it with credit.

Hence it is with pride that we present to the reading public a sketch of Ralph Jackson, who holds the championship of Western Pennsylvania in bicycle racing circles. He is the son of Mr. Robert Jackson, one of Pittsburgh's most representative colored men. While still a child, it was noticed that he rode a bicycle with great skill. It was an ordinary thing for him to hold a package in both hands and wind his way, on his wheel, through the streets between passing vehicles and street cars.

Ralph was born in Pittsburgh, June 5th, 1883, was educated in the public schools, and made his first appearance in racing circles in 1896, winning in his first race. Since then he has won over fifty prizes and many important races have never been recorded.

In 1897 he won the championship of Western Pennsylvania and Ohio. For the past four years he has been one of the most conspicuous characters in the interscholastic racing circles, bearing off a prize on every occasion.

His recent prize is a handsome diamond, won in the race at Schenley Park on the fourth of July, 1901.

Mr. Jackson is a bright student and his friends predict for him a bright future; for, certainly, if he puts the same energy and skill into his work as he puts into his races, wherever his lot may be cast, in the great race of life, he will become a leader of men, as he has been a leader of boys.

MR. WILLIAM H. STANTON, one of Pittsburgh's most prominent attorneys, was born in Pittsburgh, April 9, 1873. He entered the Pittsburgh Central High School at the age of fourteen, graduating from the academical department at the age of eighteen.

He was the first colored student to take part in the annual entertainment of the academical literary societies. Here he showed excellent ability as a public speaker. Mr. Stanton has the distin-

guished honor of being the first honor graduate of color of the Pittsburg High School. He is also a graduate of the Pittsburg College of Short-hand.

In September, 1892, he began the study of law, and was the first Negro in Western Pennsylvania to successfully pass examination for registration as law student on first trial. In January, 1893, he entered the office of Charles F. McKenna as stenographer and law student, completing the course in January, 1895. On oral examination for admission he took first honors in a class of twenty-nine.

On October 1, of the same year, having been admitted to the Pittsburg Bar, he opened his office on Fifth Avenue, where he is still located. Four days after his admission he tried his first case, and secured acquittal for his client. Since then he has practiced extensively in all the courts.

Mr. Stanton made his first appearance in the Supreme Court in the celebrated Philip Hill case, one of the most notorious murder trials on record. On four occasions he has appeared before the State Board of Pardons, at Harrisburg, securing a pardon for his client on each occasion.

Mr. Stanton is attorney for most of the Negro business institutions in Allegheny County, all of which are in a prosperous condition.

It might be added that Mr. Stanton was recently married to a prominent young Pittsburg lady, Miss Mary Elizabeth Brown, daughter of Rev. A. W. Brown, a well-known Methodist Episcopal minister.

Mr. Stanton is the type of man who usually succeeds in the professions when, perhaps, a brother in the same profession is looking for something to do. His friends can be found in every walk of life, and that easy, congenial manner, a characteristic of his own, is the same with the man on the coal wagon as with his peer at the Bar.

A good, hearty shake of the hand and

a pleasant smile cost but little effort on the part of anyone, while it is sometimes the secret upon which hang both fortune and honor.

Mr. Stanton is a member of the Union Western Star Lodge, No. 1515, G. U. O. of Odd Fellows, and of Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 36, F. and A. M., and Robert Lodge, No. 1, U. B. F.

He has taken considerable interest in politics, and has been a representative on the city and county committees.

One of the youngest deputy sheriffs of Allegheny is Mr. Samuel Pangburn. Mr. Pangburn was born on a farm in Jefferson Township, Allegheny Co., Pa., August 15th, 1872. At the age of two years his parents moved to Elizabeth. After graduating from the High School of Elizabeth he attended the Duquesne College of Pittsburg, graduating from the commercial and short-hand departments in June, 1892.

In 1893 he opened a grocery store in Elizabeth, which he conducted very successfully until 1896, when he received an appointment in the sheriff's office of Allegheny County, as the official stenographer to the sheriff.

Mr. Pangburn takes quite an active part in politics, being appointed a delegate to represent his district in several different campaigns. He has also been secretary of the Afro-American League.

From a social point of view he is widely known, being also a member of the Loendi Club. He stands well up in the Masonic Order, besides being a member of the Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Pythias. He has gained quite a reputation as a political speaker and is considered one of the best in this section, taking part in all the important campaigns. He still resides in his beautiful home in Elizabeth with his parents.

HOWARD DILWORTH WOODSON was born in Pittsburg, April 26, 1876. He entered the Pittsburg Central High

School at the age of sixteen. From the beginning he showed ability in mathematics, and won the respect of both students and faculty.

He graduated from the academical department in 1897 with high honors and entered the Western University of Pennsylvania in September of the same year, where he began the study of civil engineering. His high standing in mathematics and the natural sciences made his record one of the brightest in the annals of that proud old institution.

Where there is merit, prejudice cannot long remain. It is encouraging to note that, although the only colored student in his class, Howard Woodson won a place among his fellow students in the Western University of Pennsylvania that few students attain. Of his text book, *he* was master, not the text book. Thus many were the young men who detained him in the corridor to have explained to them some difficult point in a difficult problem. His ready knowledge, at all times, indicated his ability as a mathematician.

After graduating with the degree of civil engineer, he spent several months in travel in the West and South. Returning in August, 1900, he accepted a lucrative position with the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company. He filled this position with credit, until he accepted the position of transtman and assistant engineer with the Pittsburg Coal Company, where he is still engaged.

Mr. Woodson comes from one of the oldest colored families in Pittsburg and is quite a favorite in social circles. Once out of his office he is ready to assume his share of the pleasures of polite society. He appreciates, and can tell, a good joke.

He is an active member of Bethel A. M. E. Church and quite a worker in the Sunday school.

Perhaps few young men of any race are better prepared to do the work they have chosen in life than is Mr. Woodson, and as a result he is one of Pittsburg's most successful young men.

SYLVESTER JONES, president of the Hespera Social Club, and a member of the Loendi Club, is a promising young Pittsburger. He attended the public schools, but was forced to leave before his education was completed. He secured a position with the firm of Solomon & Reuben, as distributor, which ~~he~~ held until he accepted a more responsible position in the Pittsburg post-office, where he is still employed. Mr. Jones is quite a factor in social circles.

It is most encouraging to note the rapid rate at which young colored men are moving into positions of importance. And more and more the fact is being realized that it is not so much a question of color as it is a question of ability in the business world. Where one door is closed another will be opened, and if a young man have the ability to do, it will not be long before his merit will be recognized and rewarded.

Mr. Charles S. Gale belongs to that type of men who usually elbow their way up in the world. He was educated in the public schools of Pittsburg, and at the Duquesne College. Five years ago he entered the comptroller's office as messenger, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a month. He climbed, step by step, giving the best that was in him to his work. Mr. Gale is still a very young man, very recently out of his 'teens; but his ability and business tact have won for him a lasting place among the men of affairs in the city of Pittsburg.

He is secretary of the Loendi Club, has a wide circle of friends, and stands high in society.

Pittsburg affords excellent opportunities for the study of the different phases of the Negro character. Its pre-eminence as the "Industrial Mart" of America, possibly of the world, has brought within its borders, men of all nationalities, in quest of work, the influx

of Negroes being greater than that of any other race. The South has sent the greatest number, but every northern state has contributed its quota. But come they from the North or South, the real men soon establish themselves and become a part and parcel of this great workshop.

While only in an abstract way does the character of the Negro differ from that of any other race, yet we, at times, are pleased to group our people into one separate body, and view them as different from all others. And then, the members of the opposite race force us into this error because of their failure to view us as differing from them in color only. The Negro who has accomplished something, who really has arrived at success, is looked upon as a *Rara Avis* by the white man, who does not seem to recognize in him a prototype of his own race.

John M. Clark is one of these *Rara Avis*. He was born in New York State in 1849. His parents in 1850 moved to Canada. There young Clark, when twelve years old, was apprenticed to a blacksmith and wheelwright with whom he spent five years. When seventeen years old, having heard much of the opportunities afforded in Pittsburg, he started out, with but a few dollars and the parental blessing, and walked the entire distance to what was then the growing city of iron. His first work was as a blacksmith's helper at twelve dollars a month and board. This was in 1867.

He worked all day, and at night attended the school presided over by the late Professor Samuel A. Neale, who, at that time, was the principal of the colored schools of Allegheny city. Here young Clark picked up the rudiments of an education that enhanced his chances for success. In 1870 he owned and controlled his own blacksmith and wagon-making shop. By hard and persistent endeavor, by sobriety, by economy and honesty, he accumulated several thousand dollars, which he invested in wagons and

teams, and started to do general hauling in connection with his blacksmith shop.

Today while still climbing the ladder of success, it can be truthfully said that he has accomplished more than any other Negro in Western Pennsylvania. Between thirty and fifty men are continually on his pay-roll. He also operates a stock farm of no mean proportions, having among his blooded stock the famous stallion, Braden Pointer, from Star Pointer, and many others both speedy and valuable.

He is no doubt the only colored man in the country controlling a half-mile race track. He conducts a general contracting business that is constantly increasing. Politically, Mr. Clark is quite a power and his well-known honesty has brought to him a large following of our people and many of the concessions made to the Negro voters, notably the fire company, were brought about through his efforts.

Such character as exemplified by Mr. Clark tend to acquaint members of the other race with the fact that opportunity is all that we need. To his own race he is as a beacon light, showing forth their possibilities.

Worth and merit will not remain buried; it will sprout and raise its head above its surroundings whether it is embryonically held within a colored skin or otherwise.

Especially sure is the rise, when coupled with integrity and an extreme sense of thoroughness. Such has been the eventful life of Dr. Robert Brady.

Born amidst the historic fields of "Ole Virginny," at Claybank, Gloucester Co., he has worked his way to success through many intricacies, which would have paled the ardor and ambition of many less determined men. His parents were the slaves of Lakey Steubenfield, a well-known planter of that section, with a decided sporting proclivity. At an early age he was installed as valet to his master, traveling extensively with him

throughout the country. At the time of John Brown's raid, he was en route to Harper's Ferry, but instead stopped at Lynchburg, Va.

He accompanied his master into the Confederate Army in 1861, remaining until his master's death in January, 1862. On being denied enlistment into the Federal Army at Harrison Landing, he again showed determination by engaging as a servant with Lieut. Koontz of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry. After following his employer through the battles of the Wilderness, and Antietam, he found himself at Pittsburg in December, 1862, where he was released from service.

He began work with Dr. Spencer, then the leading dentist in the city, and served as porter in this office for about two years, winning the confidence of his employer. But the prejudice among his fellow-workmen was so strong that he was not allowed to work at the same bench with them, but would stay after they had gone and take their work apart and replace it before morning; in this way he became proficient in the work.

Trouble arising between the doctor and several of his employees, they were discharged and Robert Brady put to work, and the foreman was instructed to give him the necessary instruction. His apprenticeship lasted five years, and by that time he was master of the details of dentistry. He also became an expert in anesthetics, and made the first laughing gas ever manufactured in the city of Pittsburg.

At the end of his apprenticeship he was

appointed as a regular workman, and through his energy and strict adherence to his work he finally succeeded the foreman, which position he retained during the remainder of Dr. Spencer's life.

For two years after the death of the doctor he was employed by his widow to do the office and laboratory work, and was regarded as invaluable. In 1884 he opened an office of his own and has built up an excellent practice, his patrons being among the best white and colored people of the county.

In 1867 he was united in marriage with Miss Ruth A. Thompson, who died some years after. He was again married to Mrs. Mary V. Arnett-Jones in 1891. His wife and daughter are able assistants to him in his dental parlors. Dr. Brady has participated in some very difficult hospital cases, which has been quite an honor to himself and his race.

He has been a member of Wylie Avenue A. M. E. Church for thirty-seven years, and held official position for thirty-four years.

He has always been a great worker in secret societies, and is Past Officer in all branches of the G. U. O. of Oddfellows. He is the same in A. F. and A. Mason, including Royal Arch and Knight Templar, member of Consistory, present Grand Junior Warden of Pennsylvania. Most excellent Grand Scribe in United Chapter of Pennsylvania; and most excellent Grand Deputy of Fifth Masonic District; Right Honorary Grand Commander, State of Pennsylvania.



HAGAR'S DAUGHTER.*

A Story of Southern Caste Prejudice.

SARAH A. ALLEN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XXV.

DURING December, 1860, the rebellious political spirit of the country leaped all barriers and culminated in treason.

Closely associated with the Confederate leaders, was St. Clair Enson, son of an aristocratic Maryland family, who hoped, by rendering valuable aid to the founders of the new government, to re-establish himself socially and financially. While in Charleston, S. C., attending the convention preliminary to the formation of the new government, he received a letter announcing the birth of his brother's heiress. This enraged Enson who saw in it the loss of his patrimony. He fell in with a notorious slave-trader named Walker, who accompanied him on his homeward trip on the steamer "Planter." Walker offers to show him a way out of his difficulties for ten thousand dollars.

St. Clair Enson's brother Ellis had married Miss Hagar Sargeant a beauty and an heiress. A daughter was born. Soon after this St. Clair arrives at Enson Hall accompanied by Walker. He claims that Enson has a slave of his on the plantation. Enson denies the charge.

Walker explains that, being childless, Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant, while living at St. Louis, took an octroon slave from him to bring up. He declares that Hagar is that child, and produces papers to prove his claim. Hagar recognizes the man, and faints at sight of him.

Ellis buys Hagar and the child of Walker. Unable to bear the disgrace of having married a Negress, decided to leave home, but loving his wife very dearly, concludes to go abroad, and live where they are unknown. St. Clair overhears the plan and informs Walker. Enson leaves home to make arrangements for journey. At end of three weeks his dead body is found in some woods on the estate.

Hagar accuses St. Clair and Walker of murdering Ellis. Then St. Clair gives Walker permission to sell Hagar and the child in the Washington slave market. Hagar, with the child, leaps into the Potomac River.

The story next opens in the winter of 1882, in the city of Washington, D. C.

The event of the season is a grand ball about to be given

at the home of Senator Zenas Bowen who has a charming wife and a beautiful young daughter, Jewel, engaged to Cuthbert Sumner, a rich New Englander, private secretary for General Benson, chief of a department.

At the theatre one night, society is stirred by the advent of a new beauty, Miss Aurelia Madison, to whom Sumner was at one time engaged, a fact that he has concealed from Jewel.

General Benson has fallen in love with Jewel and determines to win her and her fortune of ten million. To this end, he plots with Major Madison and Aurelia to separate the lovers.

Aurelia Madison becomes fast friends with Jewel on the strength of an old school acquaintance at the Canadian convent. She secures an invitation to the ball and appears there, creating a sensation.

On the night of the ball, and near its close, by a series of preconcerted arrangements, Jewel, who had gone to the conservatory with General Benson, sees Aurelia in Sumner's arms; she believes him in love with her beautiful friend.

Jewel breaks her engagement with Sumner. Refuses to see him or read his letters. Accepts General Benson's attentions and at last their engagement is announced.

Cuthbert Sumner resigns his position under General Benson resolved to leave Washington. The latter goes on a trip with other government officials and leaves Sumner in charge of the office. He and Miss Bradford are obliged to work overtime on special work. She tells him of her former relations with General Benson, and sava by threatening exposure she has induced him to promise her marriage at Easter. Sumner leaves her to finish her work at the office, stunned by what he has heard. She is murdered. The next morning he is arrested.

Aunt Henny Sargeant, scrub woman at Treasury Building, disappears on same night of Bradford murder.

Jewel Benson visits Cuthbert Sumner in prison. Explanations are made, and they resolve to marry immediately. She visits E. Enson, chief of the secret service division, and places Sumner's case in his hands.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The evening of the eventful day that made Jewel, Cuthbert Sumner's wife, closed in heavy and sombre. The hearing had the expected ending, and Sumner was held for trial in the following September, before the grand jury for wilful murder. The evidence was circumstantial, but damaging in the extreme. It showed exclusive opportunity for reasons unknown, but it was whispered about town that the girl had been an unwedded mother. Added to this was the knowledge of the broken engagement between the prisoner and Miss Bowen, and the fact that Miss Madison had at one time been affianced to him, and it was expected that she would be called by the prosecution to show the fickle nature of his relations with women.

At seven o'clock in the evening of that

same day, robed in black velvet, Jewel paced restlessly up and down the floor of the library, sometimes pausing to listen to scounds from without, sometimes approaching the window and trying to pierce the gloom. The dinner bell rang; for no matter what our griefs, or how dark the tragedies which are enacted about us, meals are still served and eaten, just as if the hearts assembled about the board were never wrenched nor broken.

The points brought out in the evidence were soon making their way about the city, and excitement and interest grew momentarily. Sumner smiled in bitterness of heart. He hardly knew himself in the picture drawn. Jewel sat in an obscure corner of the audience room of the court, heavily veiled, and listened to the testimony with a heart bursting with indignation. Each moment the load at

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her heart grew heavier. They both realized at last that this was no child's play but a struggle to the death. Sumner clenched his hands and registered a vow to spend his fortune, if necessary, to clear his name, for the sake of the dear incentive, the thought of whom warmed his heart and made him bold to meet impending disaster.

The two ladies took their accustomed places at table, each secretly regretting the absence of the Senator. With him at home, dinner was wont to be a festive meal, where laughter and wit cheered the household or chance visitor. A dismal air hung over the room now; the servants moved to and fro with unaccustomed solemnity. The mother and daughter addressed each other seldom; each was buried in her own thoughts. Presently both rose from the table and passed into the library, where coffee was served.

After the servants had retired and they were safe from intrusion Mrs. Bowen broke the silence that brooded over them. She had watched Jewel closely all through the meal, studying her looks, thinking over her words and striving to arrive at satisfactory conclusions. At length she said quietly:

"Now, my dear, you have told me next to nothing, nor have I asked seeing how pale and tired you are, but I must talk with you about this marriage. I fear you have been very rash. My dear, I positively dread your father's return; dearly as he loves you, he will be very angry." After a pause she continued, clasping and unclasping her fingers nervously, "Oh, the talk there will be when this affair is known! Why didn't you consult me, child? I could have devised some way of helping the poor fellow without requiring you to sacrifice yourself. I am disappointed in Cuthbert Sumner."

"Do not use the word 'sacrifice,' mamma; I am glad to have the right to stand by Cuthbert in this dark hour. And why say anything to you of our intention? No one can blame you now. Be-

side, we have agreed to say nothing at present, about the marriage."

"But your whole life will be spoilt if he is found guilty."

"Mother," said the girl, sinking on her knees by Mrs. Bowen's side, "don't despair; it will all come right in a little while, I am sure it will. And you have always called yourself his friend, even when I was against him. You *cannot* believe him guilty; you are too just in your judgment, mamma."

Jewel was kneeling in the full light of the glowing fire, the ruddy glare fell on her white face, and the plaits of bright hair wound closely around her small head. Mrs. Bowen sighed as she gazed in admiration at her daughter. The great gray eyes glowed like diamonds, but there was a world of passionate anguish in their depths. The flower-like mouth was compressed with the intensity of the pain which filled her breast.

Again Mrs. Bowen sighed and moved uneasily in her seat.

"Yes; but this is so different—a man accused of murder."

"How so, mamma? Is friendship in sunshine so different from friendship in shade?" There was sarcasm on the delicately chiselled features.

"What a champion you are, Jewel; once, perhaps, I should have acted and felt as you do."

"But now, mamma——?"

"Now, my child, I am of the world—worldly."

"Do you think papa will be very angry?" asked the girl with trembling lips after a short silence.

"We can expect nothing less. He is too fond of you to hold his anger long, however. I shall stand with you, Jewel, if it is any comfort for you to know it. I am glad, glad, glad, that you cannot marry General Benson." Jewel marvelled much at the strange look on her mother's face as she uttered these words.

"My dear mamma!" and the two wom-

en embraced each other. Then followed another silence broken by the elder woman.

"What impression did you receive from the evidence—I mean apart from the conclusions drawn by the jury?" A quiver went through the girl as she replied:

"I was confirmed in my belief in his innocence, although everything seemed to point the other way. Aurelia Madison's evidence was against him. She gave the impression that he came and went at her beck and call."

"She is false to the core—a dangerous woman."

"I agree with you, mamma. But her beauty blinds men. I dread her influence on the jury."

"There is no soul there—nothing but sensuality."

"Soul! there is no need for soul in a woman's beauty for it to dazzle most men," was the bitter answer.

"I marvel much over the matter. It seems to me there is something incomplete in the case—something to be explained. That poor girl! I can see no reason for murdering her. She may have been killed by mistake."

"That is scarcely likely."

"Cases of mistaken identity are common enough. It's a mysterious affair; I hope it may be cleared up without any delay."

"I hope so," added Jewel. "Murder will out; there lies my hope for our success in tracing the murderer."

"What does Mr. Henson say?"

"Not much; we have had no time to talk. He has hardly got to work yet; but he told me to keep my courage up, and that he thought he should be able to throw some light on the dark points of the story. He has talked with Cuthbert."

Before Mrs. Bowen had time to reply the lace and satin portière was pushed aside and Venus advanced toward them with a solemn and awe-stricken face.

"What is it, Venus?" asked Mrs. Bowen, regarding her with surprise.

"Please, Mrs. Bowen," she said hesitatingly, "Senator Bowen ——"

"Oh, papa is come," cried Jewel in delight.

"No, Miss ——"

At this point General Benson's well-known figure appeared in the entrance.

"Mrs. Bowen—Jewel—" he exclaimed as he hurried toward them, "I am the bearer of evil tidings. Senator Bowen was taken ill in New York, and we have hastened to bring him home as soon as it was possible to move him. Have a room prepared instantly, the ambulance will arrive almost immediately."

Before another hour had elapsed, the great hush—which is the shadow of the grim visitant, whom no earthly power may shut out—had fallen on the Bowen mansion. The servants walked with noiseless tread and spoke in whispers.

Senator Bowen was ill unto death. He had been suddenly stricken down by a shock. The Washington delegation had been tendered a banquet at a famous New York club, and a hilarious time had been enjoyed. The New Yorkers had outdone themselves in catering for the amusement of their guests.

Senator Bowen had enjoyed himself hugely. Along in the early morning hours a servant passing the door of his room had caught the sound of some one struggling for breath within. Entering, he beheld the Senator lying on the bed, one hand pressed to his heart, the other hanging inert. His eyes were wild, his pale countenance lined with purple marks.

The man went for help and soon medical aid had rendered all the relief possible. As soon as he could make himself understood the stricken man urged them to take him home.

After the first burst of grief, Mrs. Bowen and Jewel took up their places in the sick room along with the trained nurses. Each looked at the other in awe and consternation over the awful suddenness of this event. Surprising events had followed one another rapidly

the past few days. They dared not think of the next cruel blow that Fate might deal them.

The doctors and nurses came and went softly. The hours drew out their long, anxious length. At the close of the third day the sick man fell into a heavy stupor, from which the doctors said he might rally—probably would—and he might linger two or three days longer; but the end was inevitable. Should he rally he must be kept quiet, and on no account excited; his heart was weak.

Mrs. Bowen undertook to see these instructions carried out. Jewel, pale and distressed, shared her mother's watch. She was in agony; her love for her father was strong, deep and tender. She was his idol, and he was hers, and until she met Cuthbert Sumner she had always felt that if he died she would not care to live another hour. She could never remember his having been cross to her in his whole life. In her eyes his very faults were virtues.

At midnight Mrs. Bowen persuaded her daughter to go and lie down.

"Keep your strength, my child, there is much to go through. If your father wakes I will surely call you."

When alone she drew her chair to the fire and sat there in shadow, watching the face of the silent figure on the bed that looked so ghastly in the light of the shaded light. It was very still; the tired nurses in the next room, dozed. Events long passed, returned in full force and pictured themselves vividly before her inner senses. How kind this man had been to her; how much she owed to his love and care. And now the hour had come for her to lose a protector who had never failed her. Wealth she might have, but it would not supply the tender deference and loving solicitude of wedded life that had been hers.

She shuddered at her thoughts. Why did the past haunt her so persistently? Presently she found herself weeping softly.

There are brave natures—women's, perhaps, more often than men's—which bear up in a sea of adversity, and present a bold front to the buffeting winds of life's uncertainties. And sometimes these brave natures find a safe haven for their frail barks. Mrs. Bowen was one of these. She had never known trouble, save by name, since she met Zenas Bowen some twenty years before; and now behold, she is confronted by a very tempest of sorrow. In the midst of her reveries she was startled to hear her own name pronounced:

"Estelle."

It was Senator Bowen who spoke. In an instant his wife was at his side.

"Dear Zenas, you are better?" she said cheerfully.

"Yes, my brain is clear. I have been watching you, Estelle. Where is Jewel?"

"In her room; I made her lie down. Do you want her?"

"Poor child; let her sleep."

His eyes roved restlessly about the familiar room.

"It is good to be at home—so good."

"Yes—but you must not talk. Drink this and sleep." She held a soothing draught to his lips, lifting the powerless head in her arms with all a mother's tenderness. He drank it obediently and then lay back on his pillow and a satisfied look of peaceful rest overspread his pale features. He held his wife's hand in a nerveless grasp.

"We have been happy, Estelle. You have been a perfect wife. I have left you well provided for. Them rascals got some of it, but not the whole of it by a durned sight; Zenas ain't such a fool as he seems," a gleam of his old fun-loving spirit was on the pain-worn face.

"If Jewel marries the General—"

"No, Zenas," she interrupted; then she stopped remembering the doctor's caution. But the sick man did not grasp the significance of her words. His mind wandered.

"No you don't, General; my little girl

shan't be forced. I, her father, say it. When, where and who she likes; that's my idee. I tell you, no!"

Then he looked at his wife with fast-glazing eyes, and said:

"The little hair trunk—tell her—no difference—just the same."

Feebly he raised his arm. His wife knew his desire. She placed it about her neck. Then he drew her head nearer. A soft light radiated his features.

"My faithful wife!" he whispered. The cold lips touched her cheek.

"Zenas, Zenas!" exclaimed Estelle with a burst of emotion as she kissed the chill brow.

There was one long-drawn breath. The distracted wife sprang to the bell and rang a peal that brought the nurses hurrying in.

"Senator Bowen is worse!" she cried, wringing her hands helplessly.

The head nurse bent over the bed, then rising, said:

"Senator Bowen is dead, madam."

Again Washington society was stirred by an unexpected calamity among its leading people. Interest was heightened because of the close association which existed between the Bowens and the chief actor in the Bradford tragedy. The ill-starred trip of the delegation that had started so gaily on its Canadian mission was the talk of the capital.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The funeral was over. Senator Bowen was at rest in the handsomest cemetery of the capital after many honors had been paid to the sterling worth of the rugged Westerner. Condolences flooded the widow and orphan. The contents of the will were not yet known, but it was supposed that both ladies were left fabulously rich.

One event had crowded so closely upon another that General Benson was given no opportunity for confidential conversation with the woman he desired to make his wife.

The loss of her father was a terrible

shock to Jewel, and she kept her rooms, weeping passionate tears and refusing to be comforted. A sense of horrible loneliness, of grief, apprehension, and the weight of some unknown calamity weighed her young heart down. Young, beautiful, well-born, and wealthy, surrounded by every luxury money could purchase or a cultivated taste long for, Jewel was supremely wretched. Her father dead, her husband a prisoner, accused of the deadliest of crimes, the girl was a prey to a thousand vague fears and haunting suspicions. She dreaded, too, the coming of the day set apart for reading the will, for General Benson could no longer be avoided. She had written him a letter asking a release from promises made, but as yet had received no reply.

Senator Bowen had been buried two weeks when, at an early hour, the family lawyer appeared at the house and was ushered into the breakfast room where, attired in deep mourning, Mrs. Bowen sat in solitary state making a pretense of eating.

Mr. Cameron was a pale, small, dark-haired man, with sharp eyes and thin lips; a hard, but honest face, and a short temper.

Somewhat alarmed by the troubled look on the solicitor's face, Mrs. Bowen asked anxiously,—

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Cameron?"

"Well, madam, I hope not; but I thought I would ask you for a cup of coffee, lay the case before you and talk it over. I heard some surprising news last night," he continued, as he seated himself and swallowed the steaming beverage that Mrs. Bowen poured for him, the discreet servant having left the room at a glance from his mistress. "Did you know that your husband made a will while in New York?" he questioned abruptly, watching her with keen, bright eyes.

"A will in New York? No—surely not!"

"There is such a will in existence; it is held by General Benson, who came

to me last night with the astonishing information. He will be here by eleven to have the instrument read. Of course, this later document leaves the one in my possession null and void."

Mrs. Bowen had grown very white as she listened to the lawyer, and a fixed look of intense thought was in her eyes.

"What are the terms of this new will? do you remember?"

"Not all of them; but Major Madison is left sole trustee, and General Benson executor and guardian of Miss Bowen until she is of age. Think of it!" cried the excitable man, "all the immense business of the estate, ready money, etc., *absolutely* in the control of these men!"

A wonderful change came over Mrs. Bowen at these words. She was stung to the quick. She sprung from her chair as if moved by a spring; her lips quivered, her eyes were dilated with what seemed like terror.

"General Benson and Major Madison!" she exclaimed in a hoarse voice, "surely you jest."

"Would it were a jest, my dear madam. Think of it! This magnificent estate and fortune to be left in the hands of two such villains as General Benson and his pal, Major Madison. Yes, villains, madam; and I will undertake to prove my position should they bring action against me for slander. What could my old friend, Bowen, have been thinking about! He must have lost his head completely," continued Mr. Cameron, looking with accusing eyes at the black-robed figure across his second cup of coffee. "Madison had done him out of a million in his bogus company already. A child could see that it was a cheat and a sham."

For one instant, at these words, Mrs. Bowen's face wore the look of a lioness bereft of her young; but her alarm seemed to subside as quickly as it arose. The lawyer was too excited himself to notice the expressions of consternation and alarm that flitted across the pale face

of the silent woman before him. After a silence, she asked: "Have you examined this will, Mr. Cameron? Are you sure it is genuine?"

The old attorney put his cup down with emphasis and said with a bow: "Madam, it is a pleasure to talk with you. You have expressed my own thoughts in your question. The Bowen millions would be a great temptation to a set of sharpers. I have not examined the document, but I will; and you may trust me to find any flaw that exists."

"Let us be calm. If it is as we suspect, we shall gain nothing by allowing these men to see that we suspect them. Do not oppose them, but use every legal means to retain control of the estate until we prove our suspicions groundless."

The expression of her face was intense, even fierce; her mouth was tightly closed, her eyes strained as though striving to pierce the veil which hides from us the unseen.

Mr. Cameron looked his admiration of the fearless woman before him; and after a few more words they settled themselves to calmly wait developments.

At this same hour General Benson and his honored associate, Major Madison, sat in the former's room talking earnestly of the business in hand.

"Now, Madison, we have started on the last part of our enterprise and it is full of peril; one flaw will destroy the whole structure which we have labored so hard to raise. We must preserve all our trumps. Aurelia has failed in her part; we must not fail."

"Pshaw!" said the Major, "we shall succeed. What is there to fear? the man is dead."

"There will be many questions asked, and, doubtless, that old fox of a lawyer is even now hunting for evidences of fraud. Don't underrate the danger, Madison. Our projects are dangerous, and the slightest mistake will prove fatal. But while there are one hundred chances against us, there are the same number

in our favor. We know this, too, Madison,—necessity knows no law; we must go ahead!"

"There's the old woman; she'll kick on the will, and kick hard. What'll you do with her?"

There was a peculiar smile on the General's face as he said:

"She'll struggle a little; the scene to-day will be a story one, so be prepared; but I hold a trump ahead of her."

"The deuce you do!"

"She can't escape from us any more than the girl can."

The Major whistled softly as he murmured "Amen," and then said: "I have faith in your judgment, Benson."

Benson took several turns up and down the long room and finally assumed his favorite attitude before the mantel.

"You do well to feel so, Major. I anticipate no difficulty in assuming full control of the Bowen millions, and how sorely we need them, you and I know, Major."

"But the girl—how will you manage her?"

Benson's face darkened, but he only waved his hand significantly. "Be calm. I wish the whole business was as easily disposed of as the girl."

"She's the only link in the chain that appears weak to my thinking, and she is the key of the old man's cash box. Who would ever have thought of her kicking over the traces so completely and marrying Sumner?" and the Major relighted his cigar, which had gone out while he was talking.

"Keep quiet about that, Madison; let them think us surprised by their news today. Pray observe my caution; I will explain later.

"I am glad it is all right. That old attorney worries me, too. Women are deceitful hussies; a man never knows what they are at." General Benson laughed softly at the Major's suggestion.

"What!" he said, "shall the foolishness of a mere girl stop us now, when we are so near the goal? By no means.

If she attempts to thwart me, so much the worse for her. Wait for me, Major," and General Benson left the room to speak with Isaac.

Left alone, Major Madison went to the window and stood looking out at the passing throng.

"It is impossible not to admire Benson's nerve and his infernal penetration," he thought half-aloud. "He reasons out a position and plans from the most trivial circumstances. He always falls on his feet. How many close calls we have had since we joined forces; yet, thanks to his luck, we have come out first best every time. Yes, he has wonderful ability and his extraordinary audacity and nerve may be trusted to carry us safely through a difficult undertaking like the present one. What a profession we have adopted and practised for twenty years. Justice never sleeps, the old fogies tell us, but I'll be dog-goned if the old woman ain't in a dead swoon when Benson's on the rampage."

Shortly after this the two friends stepped from their carriage before the Bowen mansion. The Major, in his black clothes, white cravat and spectacles, might readily have passed for an eminent divine about to administer consolation to the bereaved widow and orphan.

Jewel stood in the great library waiting for General Benson, who had requested an interview. The reading of the will had shown her how dependent she would be upon this man. The thought of him as a guardian made her sick at heart. What could her father have been thinking about? She was bewildered by the difficulties which had suddenly beset her path. She who had been petted and shielded all her life saw an existence of strife and danger opening dimly in the future.

"How will it all end," she asked herself drearily, "if Cuthbert should be condemned? He shall not be; he must not be," she told herself, shutting her teeth hard and drawing a long breath.

Presently General Benson entered the

room closely followed by Mrs. Bowen, who crossed the room to Jewel's side and took her hand tenderly in hers. Together they faced General Benson, and this silent defiance filled the man with rage. He came to a halt immediately in front of the pale girl, who had risen to her feet on his entrance.

"I want to tell you, Jewel, in answer to your letter, that I shall not give you up," he began abruptly. "Nothing is changed since you gave me your promise and I shall hold you to it. Your father expected it, too, when he made me your guardian."

"Sir," said Jewel, in a voice almost unintelligible from agitation, "I know that my conduct is extraordinary, but so are the circumstances surrounding my acts; I do not propose to justify myself. It is a great favor that I ask at your hands, but I entreat you to relinquish a project so fraught with unhappiness for both of us. Your generosity will spare me many sad and sorrowful hours, and surely you could not desire an unwilling bride."

"All is fair in love, Jewel," replied the General, who had listened apparently cold and unmoved, but inwardly a passion of rage and jealousy was gnawing at his heart. Then he continued with a malicious smile, "Why not yield gracefully to the inevitable?"

At these words the girl's every instinct arose in arms. She contrasted this scene with her father's fond indulgence and in hot anger longed to show this usurper how she despised his brief authority. There was a look of utter disgust on her face.

"I would have spared you, General Benson, but you need no leniency from me. There is no hope that I shall ever become your wife. I am already married to—Cuthbert Sumner!"

In a moment the man's manner changed.

"Ah!" he said, and the exclamation burst from his lips in a hiss; the elegant society man disappeared—hideous passion gave glimpses of depths of infamy

—one beheld the countenance of a devil. "I have heard something of this before; but it does not concern me; it does not alter my plans. I should be foolish to allow a dead man to mar my future; and a dead man Sumner will be, for the law will remove him from my path. Nothing can save him." Jewel measured the man before her with flaming eyes; she turned from him toward the door with a gesture expressive of loathing; she halted on the threshold.

"Hear me, General Benson, I will never become your wife; never, I swear it. Now do your worst."

As the door closed behind the angry girl the man turned to Mrs. Bowen, who stood watching the scene. "And you, madam, are you in league with the misguided girl who undertakes to defy my authority and rights?" The cool sarcasm of his tones was a combination of insolence and impudence.

"You are speaking to Senator Zenas Bowen's widow. You will kindly alter your words and tone when we are conversing, General Benson." Mrs. Bowen spoke in her usual calm, dignified tone. The General's face became purple, then pale; his white teeth gleamed savagely. His elaborate bow was full of mockery as he replied:

"I await your answer, madam, to my question."

"You shall have it," Mrs. Bowen exclaimed in exasperation. "I shall support Jewel in her desires. I am convinced that her father would never force her to act against her inclinations."

There ensued a moment of intense silence when she had finished speaking. General Benson was utterly transfigured. There was not the slightest vestige remaining of the elegant chief of a high official bureau; the sweet voice was changed—it was hard and rasping and had a ring in it that reminded one of the slums. He advanced toward Mrs. Bowen and seized her roughly by the arm.

"So you will assist that headstrong

girl to defy me, will you? Well, do it at your peril! Do it, and I will tell your story to the world. I know you; I knew you instantly the first night I saw you in this house. This girl is not your child; why should you care. I have no desire to harm you. Just let things take their course and I will never disturb you in any way."

Uncontrollable terror had spread over Mrs. Bowen's features at these words. Her lips moved but gave forth no sound.

"You do not answer, madam!" exclaimed her tormentor. Then with a diabolical smile of evil triumph he added, "I am correct then in my surmise; you do not deny it?"

The white lips moved; this time her words were distinguishable,—"No! I do not understand what you mean." "I mean —," and he bent toward her and whispered in her ear. That whisper seemed to arouse her benumbed faculties. She moved toward him with disheveled hair, foaming lips and one arm outstretched in menace. He sprang back from her with a smothered oath: "It is true; you cannot deny it."

"I admit nothing; I deny nothing. Prove it if you can," she muttered in a strained tone.

"Then it is war, is it? Very well, I give you until May to think it over. If you do not come to your senses by that time, I shall proceed to act. Think of it, madam; think well," and the General turned and abruptly left the room.

Mrs. Bowen stood there panting, crushed; her eyes alone gave signs of animation; they glared horribly. As the door closed behind her enemy she sighed; she sunk on the carpet. She had fainted.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Time passed on, bringing in the early summer. It was the close of a beautiful June day and the sunset was still glowing and burning as it reluctantly bade the world good-night. Venus stood by an open window gazing anxiously into the

twilight. Jewel had gone to the jail early in the day, leaving her maid at home. Mrs. Bowen had been in the room a number of times asking for her daughter. She was always uneasy now when Jewel was away from her, and her face wore a strained look of expectancy pitiful to see.

General Benson's anger seemed to have spent itself in the dire threats he had made on the day the will was read; he had left the women in peace, being scrupulously polite when they met to transact business.

Mrs. Bowen was anxious to leave the hot city, and it was agreed between her and Jewel to go to Arlington Heights, where the latter could still be in close proximity to the prisoner and continue her visits with ease. She had gone that day to tell him not to be depressed if the time between her calls was longer than usual.

The glow of sunset faded from the sky, and the summer twilight deepened into night, still Jewel did not appear. It was a warm night; the upper windows were all open; the diamond-studded sky was like a sea of glass. Another hour went by. Mrs. Bowen was pacing the floor restlessly. Venus came up from the servants' quarters with soup and wine for her mistress.

"Now do be persuaded to eat something, madam," said the maid. "You're just as white as death, and you've sat here waiting for Miss Jewel, without your dinner and you must be quite faint. Here it's nine o'clock, and you always dine at half-past seven. I reckon my young lady's all right. She'll turn up presently as bright as a dollar, sure's your born."

So Mrs. Bowen smiled and allowed herself to be cheered by the devoted girl, and took some soup and a little of the wine; but she could not rest, and listened to every sound that came faintly to the great mansion from the outside.

Hour succeeded hour and it was eleven o'clock; nobody thought of going to bed.

As she sat listening there came a sharp quick ring at the outer bell. Venus herself, anxious for tidings from her loved mistress, rushed to the door ahead of the butler. It was a note which was handed her by a man well muffled up, who instantly disappeared in the thick shrubbery about the lawn. Venus hastened to Mrs. Bowen. With a smile she opened the envelope. The next moment she uttered a cry and gasped for breath.

"Whatever is the matter?" cried the frightened maid.

"This letter—this letter! Help me—help me! Your lady has been abducted!" Mrs. Bowen fell back unconscious in her chair.

The terror-stricken maid opened the letter with shaking hands and read the following lines:

"I always keep my word. If you value your reputation and your step-daughter's *welfare*, you will not seek to find her. In due time she will reappear."

Meanwhile what had become of Jewel? She had elected to walk to the jail and back because of the beauty of the day. At the jail she found Mr. Henson, and they had stayed talking over the difficulties of the case until twilight was falling. But that did not disturb her for Mr. Henson would walk back with her, and the Washington streets, famous for their loneliness and seclusion, stretching like immense parks in all directions, would be robbed of their usual terrors for lone female pedestrians.

Mr. Henson accompanied her to the great entrance gates; there he left her, and she started up the carriage path at a rapid gait. Along the edges of the drive the underwood was so thick, and the foliage of the trees arching overhead so full and dense that towards the centre of the drive it was in semi-twilight, and thick shades of darkness enveloped all things. In the half-light Jewel thought she discerned a vehicle—a close carriage, she fancied—standing at one side of the drive.

Surprised, but not startled, because of the close proximity of the house, the girl advanced. The next moment she was startled enough; a chill of fear went through her woman's heart and it stood still for one instant with a thrill of sickening terror, for suddenly out from the gloomy shade of the trees, into the drive, stepped two men, rough-looking ruffians wearing black half-masks.

The one who was evidently the leader said in a hoarse voice, probably disguised:

"Now, Jim."

Instantly both moved toward her.

Jewel was a Western girl. She did not scream. She had been brought up on a ranch; one of her early habits remained fixed, and even in Washington she was never unarmed when without male escort. The jewelled toy she carried was a present from her father, and he had taught her to use it with deadly effect. Many a day they had hunted together, the young girl bringing down her game in true sportsmanlike style.

Instantly now her hand sought her pocket, in the very instinct of self-defense and desperation; she drew her revolver with intent to fire, but quick as a flash the leader flung himself upon her and wrenched the weapon from her hand. He then threw his arm about her slender form, drawing her towards the carriage.

The passion of terror and desperation lent the girl unnatural strength in her frantic struggle for freedom. The man was forced to place his other hand to stifle her screams.

"You come along quietly, missee, an' you'll be all right; but ef yer screams it won't be pleasant."

"You coward!" she gasped, as he bore her to the carriage. "You coward! Name your price, and let me go."

"Thar you are, now, slick as grease." She was in the carriage then. "Yer money won't help you with me, missee. You're a brave gal, but what's your strength to a man's? Drive on like h—, Jim."

The cold drops of agony stood on the girl's brow as the horror of her position grew upon her each moment.

"Where are you taking me?"

"I'm goin' ter take yer jes' a little journey outside o' Washington fer a few days. Don't you be feared; thar's nuthin' goin' hurt ye."

Who was this man holding her, refusing bribe, yet vowing to protect her from harm. She looked into the masked face in an agony of appeal and doubt and fear

in the great gray eyes. The man was touched.

"Don't now, *don't*, missee, look that skeered. Nothin' ain't goin' hurt you, I tell you. Ise got a little gal o' my own."

The girl did not answer. Like a light it flashed across her who was the author of this outrage.

"I know your employer!" she said fiercely. "But he shall learn that I fear him not. I defy him still."

(To be Continued.)

GOD'S EYES AND MOSE HILL.

A. GUDE DEEKUN.

The preacher tugged at the church door vainly for several minutes and then as he paused to recover his breath his eye fell upon two members of his late congregation, who had stopped their talk to watch his efforts, and he called out:

"Brother Haskins, you got a good muscle; get a holt on here, will you?"

Brother Haskins came forward promptly and they both pulled at the refractory door till it creaked ominously, but did not yield.

"Must a been swole by the dew," remarked the deacon in a manner that showed plainly he did not have any better reason to offer for the failure of his muscle; but the preacher was stooping—and feeling around the floor and presently held up something in his hand. It proved to be the horse-shoe that had been nailed up over the door and which the shouting during the enthusiastic revival service just over had jarred down.

The door was soon locked and the preacher, who, in addition to looking after the spiritual welfare of his flock took entire care of the fold, bade his belated friends good night and took his departure.

Deacon Haskins was a noted "argifier" and he had chanced to over-hear a remark his companion had made as they were leaving the church and lingered behind the others to convince him of his error. The companion, Mose Hill, was not a member but a regular attendant, and at present a "mourner." As the shepherd's footstep died away they resumed their discussion.

"I can't help if you is a deacon, Bro' Haskins, I got years and can jest as well as you, an' I hearn him say as plain as anything 'the eye of God.'"

"Got years? Hmph! Any old mule's got bigger ones than you, but that don't specify that he can hear all what's said around him, or if he hears it that he onderstands it. 'Pears to me the older you gets the less sense you has. This here makes the fo'th time you been to the mourner's bench, and every night you all go on moanin' and groanin' and carryin' on and don't seem to sense nothin' we all are doin' for you or make no efforts to come through. How do you ever expect to get religion that way? And now you even got the owdaciousness to try to argify with me about the readin' of the

Scriptur'," and he glared at the presuming man and waited for his reply.

But Mose was meek, and instead of getting angry under this tongue lashing by the "pillar" merely shifted his position by the tree he was leaning against, and shoving his hands deeper into his pockets, replied mildly:

"O I ain't saying you can't out-talk me, but what I wants to know is if God can see in the dark through houses and things and all like that what does He need with two eyes?" and he paused to see what the deacon would do with that clincher. But the deacon was right there.

"Two eyes? Why God don't need none ertall, so far as that goes, 'specially to see sech things as you, but that ain't the question. I'm talkin' about what was said tonight right in that there church." Mose could think of no suitable rejoinder and the deacon with a triumphant chuckle shook his head knowingly at him and taking out a big silver watch, held it so the light from a street lamp fell on it. He gave a surprised grunt and said:

"Well, Mose Hill, it's goin' on to twelve o'clock and I'm goin' home, but my son, you can't argify with me and the best thing you can do is to read up your Bible, 'sposin' you can spare time for it," and he strode away very well pleased with the manner in which he had upheld his reputation.

His last remark about sparing time was a personal one to Mose, for he did little else but spare time, and the occasions when he was known to work were so infrequent that his friends used to say facetiously that any time Mose Hill did a job it was odd. As a matter of fact just how he gained even his scanty livelihood was at time a serious question to some people in that section who "lost things," but as yet his name was legally untarnished and he attended church regularly.

This particular church was a split from a larger one, the building in which the services were held having done duty in

its time as a barber shop, an Italian fruit store, a second-hand establishment, and, oftenest of all, a private dwelling. It was situated between a blacksmithy and a grocery store and next to the smithy was a large lot with the usual accumulation of heaps of old iron and various portions of broken-down vehicles.

After the deacon had gone Mose stood for some minutes as though in the deepest reflection over their late conversation. The mere fact that Deacon Haskins had worsted him in argument and had treated him with such scant respect in the operation did not worry him at all, and as he gazed up and down the deserted street he was anything but resentful.

Presently he walked along to the lot by the blacksmith's shop and, going back to where the dilapidated body of a cart was lying on the ground near a fence, he reached under it and drawing out a dark object slipped it under his coat and hurried back to the street. No one was in sight as he buttoned up his coat, so he walked to the corner and turned up the cross street in the direction of his home.

The place was a small country town and in five minutes Mose was beyond the city limits and on a road which was as deserted as though it were a desert.

He lived rent-free in a two-room, two-story shack about an eighth of a mile out, his only companion being a large savage-natured cat which was distinguished for having only one eye and which had long dwelt with Mose in spite of his neglect, and sometimes his rough treatment.

But tonight, late as it was, this rentless tenant did not stop when he reached the path that led to his house, but kept on down the pike, keeping a careful lookout for travelers.

An hour later he entered his house quietly and after kicking the cat, which came forward to rub against him, outside the door, he secured it by placing a short piece of board under the knob and then went up to his sleeping quarters,

where carefully removing something from a bag he had brought in with him, he placed it in the corner and prepared for bed by removing his coat and shoes.

The latter tedious operation over, he lay down to share an old shuck mattress, which did service for a bed, and was soon locked in a slumber as sound as that of the just.

How he came to wake up he never knew, but way in the night he suddenly found himself wide awake and listening intently.

The chickens in the corner were cheeping uneasily, and as his gaze fell upon the open window at the head of the steps he beheld a large something which seemed to fill almost the entire space of the opening.

Filled with fear he raised himself on his elbow and at the sound of his movement the thing turned upon him two great luminous eyes that regarded him fixedly, seeming to pierce his soul.

He grew cold and shivery and wanted to close his eyes when there flashed upon him the talk with Deacon Haskins. The Lord was angry at him and had come to show that He indeed had two eyes. The chickens on the floor began to flutter and as the Eyes left him and turned to their corner Mose realized his mistake and the horror of his position. The Lord had used both His eyes that night, and, having seen the deed of a few hours before, was now come to visit upon him an awful punishment.

The man's hair was standing straight up on his head and cold drops of sweat gathered on his brow as he moaned: "O Lordy! Dear Lordy! I jest took them two little ones an' he's got most a hundred left, Lord, deed he is."

The terrible Eyes had remained fixed immovably on him and now his heart stopped beating and his eyes nearly popped from his head as they demanded in a most unearthly voice,

"Who-o-o-o-o?"

"Mr. Jim Philips, Lord, Mr. Jim

Philips. You knows him, Lord," he screamed out. "I didn't have nothin' to eat an' jest took them two little ones an' I'm goin' to pay him right back, deed I is, Lord." And he covered his face with his hands and waited for the Eyes to sieze him, but they did not, and he ventured to look once more.

Near the house stood a large old chestnut tree with one dead branch reaching almost to the window, and now as Mose looked up he saw a small greenish ball of fire creeping slowly along the dead limb, and as he watched it in dumb terror it paused for an instant and then suddenly shot forward through the air and a large body attached to it was hurled against the Lord, and the two fell struggling to the floor of the room.

There was one other window to the room, otherwise he would doubtless have essayed an exit through the solid wall, and with an agonized yell the man sprang from the bed and, leaping out the window, disappeared in the darkness.

Late the next morning when the sun was high overhead and shining his brightest, Mose cautiously approached his home and after reconnoitering and carefully scanning both upper windows, went to the door, and listening sharply, tried the knob. It was still secured, but with a piece of old hoop he succeeded in shoving the prop from under the knob. The clatter of the falling board sent him flying around the house, but nothing resulted, and it was so very bright now he ventured back and finally entered.

At the foot of the steps the one-eyed cat was lying, dreadfully torn and wounded, while upstairs, with the exception of a few feathers and a pool of the cat's blood there was no sign of the fearful doings of the previous night.

The cat was not dead and as its master for once treated it kindly and clumsily tried to dress its hurts, he muttered,

"Poor Torm. The good Lord took the

chickens an' most kilt you an' I reckon if I'd a stayed here I'd a been took or kilt, too. But there certainly is one thing sure, an' that's this. I'm a-goin' to get religion this here night or my name ain't Mose Hill."

That night he was again at the anxious seat and to the surprise and the moderated satisfaction of the congregation he "come through."

After the close of the meeting, while many of the people still lingered outside the church discussing various phases of

the service, Deacon Haskins announced in a pause,

"I seen a man from down the Pike come in town awhile ago with a owl so big he must a measured four feet across. He 'lowed he shot it this morning about daybreak as it was finishing up some chickens in his pastur'. Man, sir, it was the biggest owl I ever hearn of, a sure whopper and it had horns same as a yearlin'."

Mose Hill looked at the deacon and listened to him, but said never a word.



FASCINATING BIBLE STORIES.

THE GIVING OF THE LAW.

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

And whereas Joshua had gathered in the mighty spoils of the camps and cities of the Amalekites: there was no man that lacked a weapon, or woman that had need of furniture and plenishing, in all the leaguers of Israel: also they were full of thankfulness, for that they, once servile and despised, had humbled and nearly

destroyed the unconquerable "Lords of the Sands," with whom Rameses himself had deigned to make peace.

Wherefore they marched unto Horeb, even the holy mountain, in which Moses when feeding the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law, the prince and priest of Midian had first seen the mystery of the

Burning Bush, and heard that Voice of the Lord, which sent him forth out of the wilderness, to demand of Meneptah the freedom of the Children of Israel.

There Jethro brought unto Moses his wife Zipporah, and his two sons, Gershom and Eliezer: whereupon Moses welcomed and honored Jethro, and told him of all that the Lord had done unto Pharaoh, and his Egyptians, because of their sins against Israel, and of all the sore travail and danger of their journey thither, and how again and again the Lord had succored and delivered them. And Jethro rejoiced thereat and said: "Blessed be the Lord who hath thus delivered you out of the hand of the Pharaoh and his Egyptians. Now know I that the Lord is greater than all Gods: for in those things wherein these dealt most proudly among the nations, He was above them all."

Wherefore Jethro made a burnt-offering, and other sacrifices unto the Lord; and Aaron and all the elders came to hold a solemn feast with him and to break bread before the Lord, and thereafter he departed and returned unto his own land.

But before he departed he beheld that Moses had no rest from his labors, but sat throughout the day to judge the people of Israel in all things small and great. Wherefore Jethro warned Moses that he might not endure such labors, and counselled him that he should teach the people ordinances and laws, and show them the way wherein they should walk, and the work which they should do, and also: that he should provide out of all the host of Israel, able men, such as feared God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and make such rulers of thousands, hundreds, fifties, and tens, who should judge the people in small matters, and for the lesser offences: bringing only great and difficult cases before Moses.

These things Moses did in due season: giving unto the princes and elders of each

tribe due measure of authority and that opportunity for honorable eminence and usefulness, and sense of responsibility to God and to man, which alone can raise men from a mere animal existence to that state whereof King David sang of man: "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels: Thou crownedst him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands: Thou hast put all things under his feet."

Because of these things, the name of Jethro was held in honor by the people of Israel: albeit he was an Ethiopian and not of the sons of Jacob: and Hobab, his son, tarried a while after, as a guest of Moses and a guide in that wilderness. But Miriam, the sister of Moses, was angry that he had married an Ethiopian woman, and showed no love unto Zipporah or her sons; and inasmuch as the envious hints and sayings of a jealous woman: and the orgulous pride which destroyed all justice and charity in the soul pervaded for a time the noble Miriam: Moses burdened with his mighty mission, and the weak repinings and ignorant suspicions of the people; found at home and in his own family little rest and loyalty of heart.

In the third month of their exodus, the Israelites encamped about Mount Sinai, where they lacked not food or water, and their myriads of cattle, goats and sheep, fed safely on the wild pasturage which Moses had sought out in the days of his exile in Midian.

And after due sacrifice and prayer Moses went up unto that mountain, and, as with mighty limbs, still strong and sure of foot, he pressed up the steep and narrow paths, of the wild goat and hunter, he looked down from time to time on his ordered camp, whose myriad tents of black goats'-hair, chequered the desert shingle and short turf of the foothills below. There, tribe by tribe, around the white and gayly-striped pavilions of their princes, six hundred thousand warriors

in the prime of their manhood; flushed with recent victory; rich in the spoils of a desolated country; in innumerable herds and flocks, and the plunder of humbled Egypt, were gathered before the Lord.

Yet in his heart was little exultation or pride, for the debt which he and his owed unto the Lord was ever in his thoughts; and the weakness and ignorance of those servile myriads, seemed to challenge the perils of the wilderness; the warlike nations of Canaan, and Philistia, and the righteous anger of Jehovah himself.

Therefore as he halted at the foot of the highest peak of Sinai, it was with a heart devoid of vainglorious pride that he bowed head and knee before that altar of weather-whitened cliff, and dewy moss, over which the Pillar of the Cloud cast its draperies of supernal splendor. Rose and pearl, glittering crystal of diamond, purple of amethyst, green of emerald and crimson of ruby; opaline blue-white, and gleam of gold and silver: the fatal sheen of burnished steel and brass, and a certain tinge of deeper blackness blended in that ineffable tabernacle of the Visible Presence, all the glories of earthly beauty: lit by that fire and light undying which nourish the life of the universe and through years and ages of change, work through birth and growth and death, the eternal purposes and will of God. A deep peace fell upon the great leader, as in the presence of Jehovah he bowed his majestic head, and veiled the clear bold eyes, which had met the fatal glances of Menephtah, with a purpose and denunciation as ominous and unyielding as his own.

Out of the luminous glories of the cloud-canopied mountain-peak, came to him the Voice of God: "Thus shall thou say to the House of Jacob, and tell the Children of Israel:

"Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I have borne you as on eagle's wings, and brought you unto myself."

"Now therefore: if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant (with you); then shall ye be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people (for all the earth is mine), and ye shall be unto me a Kingdom of priests, and an holy nation. These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the Children of Israel."

Into the heart of Moses came a flood of joy, and content unspeakable: for it needs not the voice of God to assure a man of his approval and commendation: And he arose and issued from the defiles of the mountain, in the majesty of his splendid manhood; his face lighted with the radiant glory of one who is made a messenger of God.

And calling before him the elders of the tribes, and in the presence of the people, he delivered the message, and said unto them: "Will ye obey the voice of God, and keep the covenant of the Most High?"

And all the children of Israel answered together, and the deep diapason of a people's solemn covenant surged across the valleys and up the defiles and canyons of the mountains, and was borne back in innumerable echoes: "All that the Lord hath spoken we will do." And Moses returned unto the Lord and said, "Thou hast heard the answer of thy people in that they have said, 'All that the Lord hath spoken we will do.'"

Then the Lord commanded Moses that the people should cleanse themselves of sin and all uncleanness of soul and body, against the third day thereafter: and set bounds about the holy mountain, that on that day neither man nor beast might pass beyond those bounds, on pain of being stoned to death or shot through by the arrows and javelins of the guards; for God said: "On the third day the Lord will come down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai."

Wherefore Moses returned and sanctified the people, who cleansed themselves and the camp, and arrayed themselves in their best apparel for that supreme mani-

festation of the law divine. All about Sinai, men were driving posts and building pillars of rock, and stretching cables or ropes and withes of vines, where the main body of Israel were to assemble. All the cattle and sheep were driven to distant pasturage across the valley, and strong guards under careful leaders were posted with orders, not to draw near the mountain beyond the appointed limits, and to instantly slay any trespasser, whether man or beast.

On the third morning there descended upon Mount Sinai out of the clear sky a great and awful cloud, riven with unceasing lightnings, and as it were luminous with a light which was not of earth. Almost incessantly the thunder, peal on peal, rolled from cliff to cliff, and across the valleys, and amid this awful diapason, a call as of a silver trumpet summoned the Children of Israel to the Declaration of the Law.

Then were the timid and fearful near unto death itself: the arrogant purged of their pride, and the false and cruel, the lustful and avaricious, even as men condemned, and awaiting cord and steel: but there broke neither wind nor rain-storm upon the people, although the mountain itself trembled, and mighty clouds as of dense smoke rose from base to peak up unto the cloudless heavens.

But Moses went up alone through the silent archers and spearmen, who, with white faces, and compressed lips guarded that outer line, beyond which none other might pass on pain of instant death. The people saw his majestic figure pass alone into that awful chaos in which the very cliffs of primeval granite, groaned and quivered like the timbers of a wave-swept galley. After a brief space he returned, and calling Aaron unto him, turned again unto the holy mountain.

Then there befell an utter silence, in the which out of the darkness, and smoking and lightning-riven reek of Sinai issued a voice, passionless, clear, far-reaching, and full of the strength and

majesty of the Living God. Thirty-four centuries have elapsed since that brief challenge of a sinful race uttered the will of the God-head, and warned of the consequences of disobediences and sin: and still its brief sentences are the basic formulas of individual morality and public law throughout the earth.

None who heard it as it came from the mountain-throne of his visible glory, failed to find in it conviction of past sin, as well as a proof that God had pardoned his chosen people, and would exact of them only future obedience. Nevertheless, it was with white faces, and bowed heads, that they listened as the Voice said,

"I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage."

"Thou shalt have no other God before Me."

"Thou shalt not make unto thee, any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor serve them: for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me: and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

"Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lord, thy God, in vain: for the Lord wilt not hold him guiltless, that taketh His name in vain."

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord, thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days, the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and

rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it."

"Honor thy father and thymother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee."

"Thou shalt not kill."

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

"Thou shalt not steal."

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's."

The Children of Israel listened, seeing the lightnings and the fiery cloud that curtained the mountain: and fearing the ringing challenge of the trumpets and the dread diapason of the rolling thunder, which prefaced and followed upon the awful and heart-searching utterances of the Voice of God. Myriads took to flight: thousands lay prostrate upon the earth and covered their faces, and the boldest leaders, when the Lord had spoken, drew near unto Moses and said:

"Speak thou to us and we will hear: but let not God speak with us lest we die."

Then Moses said: "Fear not: for God is come to prove you: and to set his fear before your faces, that ye sin not."

But the people fell back and stood afar off, and Moses drew near to the thick darkness of the veiled mountain wherein God was.

Then said the Lord unto Moses, "Thus say ye unto the children of Israel: Ye have seen that I have talked unto you from heaven."

"Thou shalt not make of me gods of silver, neither shall ye make unto you gods of gold. An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt offerings, thy sheep and thy oxen: in all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee."

And many other commandments the Lord delivered unto Moses, while the people stood afar off: and at night-fall be returned, and told the people all the words and judgments of the Lord.

Again the multitude answered as with one voice, "All the words which the Lord hath said, will we do." And thereafter every man went unto his own tent.

On the morrow Moses bade them build an altar at the base of the hills, and twelve pillars, one for each of the tribes of Israel, whereon were offered burnt-offerings from the flocks, and peace offerings of fat oxen unto the Lord. With half the blood thereof was a libation made upon the altar, and Moses taking the book of the covenant, read again unto the people the first declaration of the law. And as he finished they cried in unison, "All that the Lord hath said, will we do, and be obedient."

Thereafter Moses sprinkled the rest of the blood of sacrifice upon the people and said, "Behold the blood of the covenant, which the Lord hath made with you concerning all these words."

And because that God had so commanded, Moses took unto him Aaron, and Nadab and Abihu, his sons, and seventy of the elders and princes of Israel: and entered with them into the mountain. And when they had passed through the curtain of luminous vapor they saw before and above them the peaks of Sinai against the sun-lit sky, and the glory of the Lord, even as clear flames of a consuming fire. And they feared greatly. But Moses was called up into the top of the mountain, and when he returned with the elders to the camp, he took unto him Joshua, the son of Nun, the captain of the host, and said unto the elders,

"Tarry at this place for us, until we come again unto you: and behold Aaron and Hur remain with you: if any man have matters to do, let him come unto them."

So Moses departed with Joshua into

the mountain entering into the cloud which covered it: and for six days the glory of the Lord like a devouring fire, glorified the peak of Sinai in the eyes of the Children of Israel. And on the seventh day Sinai lay still and sunlit before the eyes of all men, but for forty days and forty nights Moses was seen of no man, nor was his servant, Joshua.

Now as the weeks passed away, and Moses and Joshua returned not, certain men stirred up the Children of Israel against the Lord and his servant, Moses. So they came unto Aaron and said, "Up and make us gods which shall go before us in our journeyings; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us out of the land of Egypt, we know not what is become of him."

And Aaron dared not withstand them, and withal was not averse to becoming the chief of the Children of Israel, if Moses had fallen by misadventure or the Lord had taken him unto himself. Also, he had learned the lore of the Egyptians and seen much of the worship of the Bull Apis, in the great Temple of Zoan.

So Aaron demanded of the people their golden earrings, and of them he made a golden calf, even such as is the god Apis. And when it was done, they cried: "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." And Aaron built an altar, and proclaimed a festival, saying, "Tomorrow is a feast to the Lord."

And on the morrow, they offered burnt offerings and brought peace offerings, and thereafter made a great feast, and ate and drank together. And when they arose, they danced and sung each in honor of his own god; and many threw off their clothes and did shamelessly in the sight of all the people.

Now on that day Moses had received from God the last tenets of the law, and also two tables of stone, inscribed by the finger of God.

And the Lord said, "Get thee down quickly; for thy people which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves, and turned quickly out of the way which I commanded them. They have made them a molten calf and worshipped it, sacrificing thereto and saying, 'These be our gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.'"

"I have seen this people, and behold they are a stiff-necked generation. Plead no longer for them before me, and I will destroy them and make of thee a great nation."

Then Moses besought the Lord and said, "Lord, why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people, which thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt, with great power and a mighty hand?"

Shall the Egyptians say, "For evil he brought them out to slay them in the mountains, and consume them from the face of the earth? Turn O Lord from thy fierce wrath, and repent of this evil against thy people."

"Remember, Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom Thou swearest by thine own self, and said unto them: I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of, I will give unto your seed and they shall inherit it forever."

And seeing that the Lord would not utterly destroy his people, Moses went down from the Mount, bearing in his hands the stone tables of testimony, engraven by the finger of God on both sides thereof. And when he came to where Joshua awaited him, he said unto Moses, "The sounds as of a great battle, come up from the camp."

Then said Moses bitterly, "These are not the voices of those who conquer, nor the cries and groans of the conquered: It is the sound of music and of singing that I hear."

And when Moses saw the golden calf,

and the smoking altar thereby, with those who waited before the idol and danced and sang in its honor, his anger waxed hot; insomuch that he seemed inspired with the wrath of God. And throwing aside the tables which he bare he broke them at the foot of the mountain, and strode forward, into the inclosure and threw down the golden calf and the altar thereof, and bade the young men burn with fire the idol and all its equipage.

Then unto Aaron, his brother, he said, "What did this people to thee, that thou hast brought so great sin upon them?"

And Aaron answered with the fear of death upon him, "Let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against me, for thou knowest this people, and that they are uncontrollable and rebellious. For they came unto me and said, 'Make us gods that shall lead us as we go forward: for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of Egypt, we know not what has become of him.'"

This I might not gainsay; for forty days and nights have past since I beheld thee, and I knew not if thou wast living or dead. Refuse, I could not and live: nor was there any one to lead the host under me, since Joshua was also with thee. Wherefore I said unto them "Who-sover hath gold let him make offering thereof, and they brought me their rings and earrings, and I cast them into this golden calf."

But Moses had no lust to talk further with his brother Aaron: for he saw that those who had danced naked before the idol, were now spread throughout the camp, and were stirring the people against him.

And standing in the gate of the encampment, he called out unto the people, "I am Moses! To me! all who are on the Lord's side!"

Like the call of a trumpet, his voice rang through the camp, and the tribe of Levi rallied at his summons: all the sons of Levi, seven thousand swordsmen

and spearmen gathered together unto him.

Then said Moses, "Go ye, every man with his sword into the camp, and through it from gate to gate, and slay ye every man who hath uncovered his nakedness before the idol, or who shall fight for the golden calf and against the living God of Israel. Spare not for love or kinship, but let every man slay his brotler, his companion or his neighbor; if so be he shall have fallen away from the Living God."

And the Children of Levi, a living wall of steel, swept through street after street, and slew all that opposed them, or sought to champion the Golden Bull, against the Living God. In the apex of that wedge of steel marched Moses and Joshua, and wherever a man shrank from the slaughter of friend or relative, the cold stern order, "Slay and spare not," held the men of Levi to their grewsome task. Three thousand devotees of the Golden Bull; of Ashtoreth and Baal lay slain within the camp, when the justice of God was done, and Moses having reduced the idol to fine dust and its high places to ashes, strewed these in the springs and pools, that neither man nor woman, man-child nor woman-child, having drunk thereof, might forget the dreadful doom of those who first dared to break the covenant of Israel with the Living God. But on the morrow the people were penitent, for their sin arose chiefly through their ignorance and their belief in the death of Moses. And Moses said unto them: "Ye have indeed sinned a great sin: which even the death of those wicked ones, who rebelled against us and denied the God of Israel, hath hardly purged away. Still I will go up and plead for you before the Lord: peradventure, I will make a full atonement for your sin."

And Moses went up into Sinai, and cried unto the Lord: "Oh, Lord! this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold! the which thou

hast straitly forbidden them to do: Yet I pray thee pardon thou their sin: but if not, blot me also, I pray thee, out of the book which thou hast written." And this last he said, not because he loved not God, but because of his great and unselfish love of his tribe and nation.

Then, answered the Lord, "Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of My book. But go thou; lead thy people unto the land of which I have spoken unto thee: Truly mine angel shall go before thee and them."

Wherefore, the Lord sent the plague upon the people because they had given the jewelry of which Aaron had made the Golden Bull. And thereafter the children of Israel mourned, and put off all their ornaments, and abased themselves before the Lord. For the Lord had sent by Moses this message: "Ye are a stiff-necked and rebellious people."

"I will come up into thee in a moment and consume thee: therefore now put off thy ornaments from thee, that I may work My will among you."

And the Children of Israel, fearing the Lord, had removed their camp afar from Mount Sinai toward the peak of Horeb, and they put off their ornaments, and bright armor and gay apparel, and awaited in despair and terror the judgment of God.

But Moses seeing that the presence of the Lord had departed from the tents of Israel, removed the tabernacle without the camp, and toward Sinai, and called it the Tabernacle of the Congregation: that any who desired to seek the Lord, might worship therein.

It befell that as Moses himself went out unto the said tabernacle, that all Israel rose up, and stood every man at his tent door, and gazed after Moses, as he went in thereat. Then from the heights of Sinai descended the pillar of cloud, and covered the door of the tabernacle: and all the people worshipped, every man at the door of his own tent.

Within that tabernacle the Lord spake to Moses, as a man speaketh with his friend, for those whom God chooses out for the redemption of a race from the tyranny and wrong of man, and the baseness and weakness of mind and soul that is born thereof, are so filled with the divine purpose and spirit of God, that their own weaker and baser desires are consumed as with fire by the divine inspiration.

Wherefore Moses, being utterly devoted unto the work to which he had been called, said unto the Lord: "Thou sayest unto me, 'Bring this people up into the land of their inheritance,' but as yet Thou hast not said whom thou wilt send with me. Yet thou hast said, 'I know thee by name, and thou also hast found grace in my sight.'"

"Now therefore I pray thee, show me thy way that I may know it, and find grace in thy sight: and consider thou graciously that this nation is thy people."

Then said the Voice out of the cloud, no longer stern and menacing but calmly beneficent, and content: "My own presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

And Moses, worn and full of many cares and sorrows, cried passionately unto the Presence Divine, "If thy presence go not with me, O carry us not hence: for if thou goest not with us, how shall the nations know that I and thy people have found grace in thy sight? Is it not in that thou goest with us? for thereby it is that I and thy people are set apart from all the nations upon the face of the earth."

Again the Voice soothed the passion and vehemence of the great leader, "This thing also that thou desirest will I do, for thou hast found grace in my sight and I know thee by name. Fear not, for I will be with thee and thy people also."

Then besought Moses humbly, "I beseech thee show me thy glory."

Then said the Voice, "I will make all

my glory pass before thee and proclaim unto thee, the name of the Lord (which no man hath known or will know unto the end of time). Also, I will be gracious to all to whom I may be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will have mercy.

"But thou mayest not see my face, for no man (in the flesh) may see me and live. Nevertheless, hereafter, I will place thee in a cleft of the rock, and cover thee with my hand while I pass by, and take away my hand that thou may behold a part of my glory, but my face shall not be seen lest thou see it and die."

"Now therefore prepare ye two tables of stone like unto the first, and I will write thereon, the words which were on the first tables which thou breakest. And be ready in the morning, and come up into Mount Sinai, and appear before me in the top of the Mount."

"No man shall come up with thee: neither shall thou let any man be seen throughout all the mount: neither let the flocks and herds feed before that mountain."

And Moses did as the Lord commanded; and when he was come to the top of Mount Sinai, the Lord descended in the cloud and proclaimed the name of the Lord.

And the Lord covered Moses as he stood in the cliff of the rock, and there passed by him, as it were, a very sea of life and warmth and strength immeasurable: And the heart of Moses beat vehemently, and his blood tinged in every vein; and the weakness of his years seemed to fall from him as a garment that is thrown away. And when the Lord had passed, Moses saw the majestic form of God in glory unspeakable, but of what he saw he wrote and spoke nothing, nor was it fitting that he should reveal unto men what he alone was permitted to behold through the singular favor of God.

And God renewed his covenant with Israel, and at the end of forty days and nights, Moses came down from Mount Sinai, bearing the stone tables of the law. And Aaron with those who met him saw that his face shone as with an inward light, and such was his majesty that they feared to talk with him. And when he was aware thereof, he called for a veil and covered his face.

And arrayed thus he spake as he was commanded unto the elders and the people: but when he went in before the Lord he removed the veil from his face.

And as the Lord had commanded he said unto the people, "Take ye from among you an offering unto the Lord. Whoever is of a willing heart, let him bring an offering to the Lord: gold, silver and brass, blue, purple, and scarlet woolens, fine linen, and cloth of goat's hair, rams' skins dyed red, and badger's furs and great store of acacia (shittim) wood: oil for light, spices for anointing oil and for sweet incense; onyx stones and precious stones for the ephod and breast-plate. And every wise-hearted man among you shall come and make (as the Lord hath commanded) his tabernacle."

And the people gave so freely that Moses proclaimed through the camp: "Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary." And Belzaleel, the son of Un of the tribe of Judah, and Aholiab, son of Ahisamac of the tribe of Dan, wrought and decorated the great pavilion of the sanctuary, in which the ark of the covenant was sheltered, and Moses thereafter sought out the will of God.

On the first day of the first month, of the second year of the Exodus, Moses reared up the tabernacle, and consecrated it unto the Lord, and put Aaron, the chief priest, and his four sons into their holy office. And having set up around it the heavy hangings of the Court of the Congregation, and burned sweet incense upon

the golden altar within the holy place, and burnt offerings upon the brazen altar by the door of the tabernacle, he finished the work.

Then a cloud covered the Tent of the Congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle, so that even Moses

dared not enter therein. And while they were encamped, in all their journeyings the pillar of cloud by day, and an undying fire by night rested upon the tabernacle: and when these arose from over the tabernacle the Children of Israel went forward.

(To be Continued.)

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

I. PHENOMENAL VOCALISTS.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

What a beneficent art is music. So deeply impressed was one celebrated man of the immense importance and influence of music that he is said to have exclaimed, "Let who will make the laws of the people, but let me make their songs."

Many of the ancients considered music as an accidental discovery of the Egyptians, while listening to the whistling of the wind through the reeds on the banks of the river Nile.

The existence of music is coeval with the creation of man. If we were competent to analyze the music of all nations, civilized or uncivilized, we should find that they bear a great resemblance to each other. We should find that the melodies of Scotland, Ireland, France, Hindostan and China, all please us, and are formed on a scale founded on an original law of nature, and we should find also, that this scale is substantially the same as that upon which our modern music of today is founded, albeit the music of the present day is a complicated and difficult art requiring profound study and great concentration of energy to acquire proficiency.

The Bible furnishes us with the most ancient references, and from it we learn much of the musical proclivities of the Hebrews. From hieroglyphics on works of art in Egypt we read how highly music had been cultivated by the in-

habitants; even the Greeks learned of the Egyptians. In Rome music, as an art, was borrowed from the Greeks, and while she stood in the pride of superiority as the conqueror of the world, music was carried to excess. After Nero, however, it declined, and small wonder when we contemplate the horrible vividness of Sienkiewicz's picture of Nero fiddling over the ruins of burning Rome. From the earliest ages of the Christian church music has been employed in conducting religious exercises. What the first music was we can but conjecture as nothing definite is known, but in the beginning of the fourth century, regular choirs were introduced divided into two parts and required to sing alternately at a higher or a lower pitch, and this accumulation of sound into a grand whole, produced the most startling effects of which music is capable; therefore, we have now the succession or repetition of parts in a musical composition called a fugue.

The idols of one generation make way for the little gods of the next. "It is only here and there that a commanding genius stands on a pinnacle so high that its divine light shines upon remote ages which point to it as a distinct landmark in its own sphere." The human voice echoes and re-echoes in our hearts long after the strains which held us spell-bound have died away. The magnificent

voices of Malibran, Alboni, Parepa Rosa, Titiens, Jenny Lind, Nilsson, Lucca, Kellogg and Cary need no monuments to preserve their memories to humanity. The great artist belongs to God, and is imperishable. Like Moses, he stands upon the mount and receives the eternal laws of art. He forgets his inner life, joy and sorrow disappear; he ascends on the wings of his beloved art, and brushing the gates of Paradise translates into his earthly work some of the entrancing melody of the heavenly choirs.

The Negro's right to be classed as a man among men, has been openly doubted, nor do we find this doubt removed in the dawn of the Twentieth Century; rather is it now a popular fad to regard the Negro as hopelessly incompetent and immoral, doomed to years of self-abasement and apprenticeship before he will be worthy to be classed among the men of civilization. But in the hours of the blackest despair that may come to humanity the silent forces of divinity are working for the amelioration of the oppressed and unfortunate ones of earth. The genius of music, supposed to be the gift of only the most refined and intellectual of the human family, sprang into active life among the lowly tillers of the soil and laborers in the rice swamps of the South. The distinguishing feature of Negro song is its pathos and trueness to nature. It is the only original music of America, and since emancipation has become a part of the classical music of the century.

The story of the Negro musician is fraught with intense interest for us. Wherever God dwells he leaves a token of His presence, and he steeped the American serf to the lips in divine harmony. Music is one of the very elements of the soul and voice, implanted by an all-wise Creator, part of our God-given nature—sign—manual of the universal kinship of all races. Who can measure God's methods? Be a man black or white is insignificant. In the intellect lies the miracle. What a grand thought

it is that a higher law than our will regulates events; that our labors to degrade or elevate an individual or a race are altogether vain for God exists. "There is a soul at the centre of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe." In giving the life-stories of five great artists it is pleasant to worship before these half-deserted shrines and drink in the beauty and inexhaustible charm of these singers, two of whom are of a past generation. It is profitable, too, for us to appreciate the fact that the women of the race have always kept pace with every advance made, often leading the upward flight. The work accomplished by these artists was more sacred than the exquisite subtleness of their art, for to them it was given to help create a manhood for their despised race.

In writing of the attainments of a people it is important that the position of its women be carefully defined—whether endowed with traits of character fit for cultivation, bright intellects and broad humanitarianism, virtuous in all things, tender, loving and of deep religious convictions. Given these attributes in its women and a race has already conquered the world and its best gifts.

Maligned and misunderstood, the Afro-American woman is falsely judged by other races. Nowhere on God's green earth are there nobler women, more self-sacrificing tender mothers, more gifted women in their chosen fields of work than among the millions of Negroes in the United States. The opening of the same scenes, the same pursuits and interests, with the same opportunity for education as is enjoyed by more favored people, have brought out the noblest and best in the women of our race. But an assertion is of no value unless proven. To this end we give the achievements of Negro women who were beacon lights along the shore in the days of our darkest history.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR GREENFIELD, known as the "Black Swan," was born a slave

in Natchez, Miss., in 1809. When but a year old she went to Philadelphia under the care of the Quaker lady, who was her owner. A warm affection existed between them, so much so, that discovering her talent she gave Elizabeth a good education, and when Mrs. Greenfield died, in 1844, she left Elizabeth Taylor a substantial bequest which was never received by the beneficiary.

Miss Taylor finally added the name of Greenfield to her own.

Upon the death of her owner, finding herself thrown upon her own endeavors to obtain a livelihood, Miss Greenfield having previously acquired some knowledge of musical culture, and being encouraged thereto by philanthropists who had learned her simple story, decided to put her wonderful vocal powers to the test, and in October, 1851, she sang before the Buffalo Musical Association, representing the best musical talent in the city, and her fame as a phenomenal vocalist was assured. "Give the 'Black Swan' the cultivation and experience of Jenny Lind or Mlle. Parodi and she will rank favorably with those great artistes."

It was found that her voice was of immense compass. She struck every note in a clear and well-defined manner, and reached the highest capacity of the human voice with great ease. Beginning with G in the *base clef*, she ran up the scale to E in the *treble clef*, giving to each note its full power and tone.

While in Albany, January 19, 1852, "The Daily State Register" said of her:

"The concert was a complete success. The compass of her wonderful voice embraces twenty-seven notes, reaching from the sonorous bass of a baritone to a few notes above Jenny Lind's highest. She plays with ability upon the piano, harp and guitar. In her deportment she bears herself well, and, we are told, converses with much intelligence. We noticed among the audience Governor Hunt and family, both Houses of the Legislature, State officers, and a large number of our leading citizens."

And so we might go on quoting praises and plaudits for this black prodigy *ad infinitum*. We can but stand in awe before the wonderful planning of God's issues: In the midst of the darkest happenings in the Negro's history upon this continent, in a slave-holding republic. He sent an angel's voice to dwell within a casket ebony-bound, with the peculiarly carved features of racial development indelibly stamped upon it, to confound the scepticism of those who doubted his handiwork.

After singing in nearly all the free States, she resolved to visit Europe for purposes of study. She embarked from New York, April 6, 1853; arrived in Liverpool, April 16. Arrived at London a painful surprise awaited her—her manager had abandoned her and she found herself in a strange land, penniless and without friends.

She had been told of Lord Shaftesbury's goodness, and she resolved to call upon him. The nobleman immediately granted her an interview and gave her a letter of introduction to his lawyer.

At this time Harriet Beecher Stowe was in London, and speaking of Miss Greenfield, she says:

"Today the Duchess of Sutherland called with the Duchess of Argyle. Miss Greenfield happened to be present, and I begged leave to present her, giving a slight sketch of her history. I was pleased with the kind and easy affability with which these great ladies conversed with her. The Duchess of Sutherland seemed much pleased with her singing and remarked that she would be happy to give her an opportunity of performing in Stafford House.

"'I never so fully realized,' continues Mrs. Stowe, 'that there really is no natural prejudice against color in the human mind. Miss Greenfield is a dark mulattress, of a pleasing and gentle face, though by no means handsome. She is short and thick set, with a chest of great amplitude, as one would think on hearing her tenor. I have never seen, in any of

the persons to whom I have presented her, the least indications of suppressed surprise or disgust, any more than we should exhibit on the reception of a dark-complexioned Spaniard or Portuguese."

Describing the concert at the Stafford House, Mrs. Stowe says:

"The concert room looked more picturesque and dreamy than ever. The piano was on the flat stairway just below the broad central landing. It was a grand piano standing end outward, and banked among hot-house flowers, so that only the gilded top was visible. Sir George Smart presided. Miss Greenfield stood among the singers on the stairway. She wore a black velvet head-dress and white carnelian earrings, a black moire-antique silk made high in the neck, with white lace falling sleeves and white gloves. There was profound attention when her turn came to sing. Her voice, with its keen, searching fire, its penetrating vibrant quality, its *timbre*, cut its way like a Damascus blade to the heart. She sang the ballad "Old Folks at Home," giving one verse in the soprano and one in the tenor voice. As she stood partially concealed by the piano, it was thought that the tenor part was performed by one of the gentlemen. She was rapturously encored. Between the parts Sir George took her to the piano and tried her voice by skips, striking notes here and there at random, without connection, from D in alto to A first space in bass clef. She followed with unerring precision, striking the sound nearly at the same instant his finger touched the key. This brought out a burst of applause.

"Lord Shaftesbury was present. He said, 'I consider the use of these halls for the encouragement of an outcast race a consecration. This is the true use of wealth and splendor when they are employed to raise up and encourage the despised and forgotten.'"

As our space is limited we can give but the scantiest outline of this wonderful woman's career while abroad. We can judge what it must have been from

the character of the certificates appended:

"Sir George Smart has the pleasure to state that her Majesty Queen Victoria commanded Miss Greenfield to attend at Buckingham Palace on May 10, 1854, when she had the honor of singing several songs."

"To Miss Greenfield, from Sir George Smart, Kt., Organist and Composer to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

No. 91, Gr. Portland St., London.

June 24, 1854.

"This is to certify that Miss Greenfield had the honor of singing before Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace. By Her Majesty's command.

"C. B. PHIPPS.

"Buckingham Palace, July 22, 1854, London."

Miss Greenfield's return from abroad was the signal for brilliant receptions, all over the North, in her honor. At the Meionian, Boston, the élite of the city crowded the hall to overflowing at five dollars a ticket.

But Miss Greenfield always remained the same. Her head was not turned by flattery. She was ever brave, patient, noble, ambitious, charitable to all, remembering her own hard struggles. She died in Philadelphia, Penn., in 1876.

MADAME ANNIE PAULINE PINDELL was born in Exeter, N. H., 1834. When an infant the sound of a musical instrument would cause the most intense excitement in the child, and as she grew older it was discovered that she possessed a remarkable organ in height, depth and sweetness.

In those days the free colored people gave small thought to the cultivation of any talent that they might possess, so nothing was done to develop the girl's great gift.

At nineteen the young girl married Joseph Pindell, a brother of the Baltimore Pindells, so well-known in that city, and later in Boston. Proud of his wife's talent he encouraged her to study and improve, and soon Mrs. Pindell be-

came a familiar figure among musical circles in Boston.

In those days there were no great music schools and so Mrs. Pindell studied first with a celebrated German professor and

German, French and Italian, and she also made herself an expert performer on the piano, harp and guitar. She also delighted in original composition and Ditson's house published her songs, of which



MME. MARIE SELIKA.

See page 52.

later was under the tuition of Wyzeman Marshal in elocution, and of his brother in music—vocal and instrumental. Indefatigable in her desire to acquire knowledge and improve in her art, the singer added to her vocal work the study of

"Seek the Lodge Where the Red Men Dwell," was the most widely known, becoming a popular "hit" of the day.

Mrs. Pindell went to California in 1860, and for thirty years her magnificent organ was celebrated on the Pacific coast.

On the occasion of a visit to the Hawaiian Islands during Queen Emma's reign, Mrs. Pindell was presented with a diamond necklace worth fifteen hundred dollars. The compass of this singer's voice was the same as the "Black

ness and were placed under the tuition of Professor Hugo Sank, and later were taught by Madame Josephine D'Ormy. They made their debut at the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento, California, April 22, 1867.

Of this debut "The San Francisco Chronicle" said:

"Their musical power is acknowledged. Miss Anna Madah has a pure, sweet soprano voice, very true, even and flexible, of remarkable compass and smoothness. Her rendition of 'Casta Diva,' and her soprano in the tower scene from 'Il Trovatore,' and Verdi's 'Forse é lui che l'anima,' as also in the ballad 'The Rhine Maidens,' was almost faultless, and thoroughly established her claims to the universal commendations she has received from all the connoisseurs in melody who have heard her.

"Miss Louise is a natural wonder, being a fine alto singer, and also the possessor of a pure tenor-voice. It is of wonderful range, and in listening to her singing it is difficult to believe that one is not hearing a talented young man instead of the voice of a young girl. Her character song was one of the greatest 'hits' ever made; and henceforth her position as a favorite with an audience is assured."

After this debut the young women retired for study, but in a short time moved East, singing to enthusiastic audiences in Western towns and cities. In Chicago their reception was most flattering, their remarkable musical gifts created intense excitement among people of high musical culture.

About this time Mr. Wallace King, a tenor singer of great ability, a native of Camden, New Jersey, joined the famous sisters; Mr. John Luca, of the Luca family, a cultured baritone, completed a quartette which became well known from Maine to California. Mr. A. C. Taylor, of New York, was the pianist.

The Hyers sisters appeared at the Peace Jubilee concerts, Boston, Mass., under P. S. Gilmore, before an audience



ANNA MADAH AND EMMA LOUISE HYERS.

Swan's," embracing twenty-seven notes, from G in bass clef to E in treble clef. Musical critics compared her to Madame Alboni.

Madame Pindell died at Los Angeles, Cal., May 1, 1901.

ANNA MADAH and EMMA LOUISE HYERS are natives of California. They early showed signs of musical precocious-

of fifty thousand people, supported by a chorus of twenty thousand voices.

In 1875 Mr. Napier Lothian and his orchestra gave a series of Sunday night concerts at the Boston Theatre, at all of which the Hyers sisters were the attraction.

They next appeared in "Out of Bond-

petus to study and careful cultivation of the musical gifts of talented musicians who desired to adopt the lyric stage as a profession. The introduction of this drama, in which, for the first time, all the characters were represented by colored people, marks an era in the progress of the race. Never, until under-



MME. ANNIE PAULINE PINDELL,

AS SHE APPEARED BEFORE QUEEN EMMA AT HONOLULU.

See page 48.

age," a four-act musical comedy, written for the sisters by Mr. Joseph B. Bradford, of Boston, under the management of Redpath's Bureau. This play was but a skeleton sketch, designed to show off the musical ability of the performers. But it served its purpose, and gave im-

taken by these ladies, was it thought possible for Negroes to appear in the legitimate drama, albeit soubrette parts were the characters portrayed.

Emma Louise Hyers is dead; Anna Madah is now travelling with Isham's Colored Comedy Company.

MADAME MARIE SELIKA, prima donna soprano, "The Queen of Staccato."

This lady is a native of Cincinnati, Ohio. Her wonderful talent as a vocalist was discovered and given to the world by Max Strakosch of opera fame, some twenty years ago. Soon after her debut Madame Selika found her way to Boston, where she spent three years in assiduous study at the best music schools. Desiring to attain the highest perfection in her art, however, she determined to go abroad.

Madame Selika's reception into exclusive musical circles had been flattering, and when her visit to Europe was announced a testimonial concert was arranged by Boston's most influential citizens. The following correspondence is self-explanatory:

"Boston, March 30, 1882.

"To Madame Marie Selika, Boston, Mass.

"Being informed of your intended early departure for study abroad, we beg to tender you a testimonial concert, to be given at a time and place suitable to your convenience, in token of our appreciation of your attainments and promise in your profession, and of our cordial interest in your behalf.

"Very truly yours,

"John D. Long, Samuel A. Green Henry B. Pierce, Eben D. Jordan, B. J. Lang, White, Smith & Co., Wendell Phillips, Oliver Ditson," and others.

"Boston, April 8, 1882.

"His Excellency Governor John D. Long, His Honor Mayor Samuel A. Green, Hon. Henry B. Pierce, Dr. S. W. Langmaid, General A. P. Martin, Wendell Phillips, Esq., Eben D. Jordan, Esq., B. J. Lang, Esq., and others.

"Gentlemen:—I am in receipt of your kind letter of the 30th ult., couched in most friendly terms, tendering me a testimonial concert prior to my intended departure abroad to complete my musical studies. Deeply sensible of the honor you

do me, I gratefully accept your proffer and would suggest that the concert be given at Music Hall, on Thursday evening, April 20th.

"I am, gentlemen, respectfully yours,
"MARIE SELIKA."

Her first concert abroad was given at St. James Hall, London, England, Saturday, October 14, 1882, under the immediate patronage of his excellency the Spanish minister, the Marquis De Casa Laiglesia.

Vocalists:

MADAME CARLOTTA PATTI, Madame Evans Warwick, Madame Marie Selika, Mr. Percy Blandford, Mr. Joseph Lynde and Signor Vergara.

Instrumentalists:

CAR TITO MATTEI, Pianist; SIGNOR PAPINA, Solo Violin; MONSIEUR ERNEST DE MUNCK; Violoncelliste Solo, de S. A. R. Le Grand Duc De Saxe.

Conductors:

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT and SIGNOR TITO MATTEI.

It is needless to say that the artiste was grandly successful in her venture, and studied under the most famous vocal teachers in Europe. We append a few extracts from the European press:

"Madame Selika, with her coal-black hair, possesses an uncommonly rich and beautiful soprano voice, and sings with an ease and correctness which shows careful training. She sang the 'Fior de Margueritta Polka,' by Arditti, in which she used an exquisite staccato."—*Dresden Nachrichten*.

"Mme. Selika, a soft soprano voice, which reaches without effort the three-lined octave. She renders trills and cadenzas with a clearness and purity which shows careful study. In the Cavatina from Traviatta, she displayed all these qualities in the most remarkable manner, and also sang with genuine musical feeling. In response to en-

thusiastic applause, she sang the Echo-song, by Echart."—*Berliner Fremdenblatt*.

Referring to Mme. Selika's début in that city, the *Schweinfur Anzeiger* of February 26, 1884, says:

"The audience was literally carried away with enthusiasm by the singing of this wonderful woman. Only once be-

ations, she not only captivates the amateur listener, who, in his sympathy, becomes electrified by the singer, and feels himself drawn irresistibly towards her, but she also becomes the cynosure of attention to every connoisseur of the divine art, who may happen to hear her, and who takes pleasure in availing himself of every opportunity of lavishing upon



ELIZABETH TAYLOR GREENFIELD.

See page 46.

fore has the city of Schweinfur been favored with so rare an opportunity of listening to so bewitching a voice as that possessed by this American lady, and that was on the occasion of the concert of the celebrated contest of Totto Luger, the opera singer of the Royal Court of Prussia. With a well-trained voice, her admirable colorature and her perfect inton-

her such plaudits as the harmony and melody of her magnetic voice so richly deserve."

Upon her return from Europe, Mme. Selika toured the country, under the patronage and management of Lieut. W. H. Dupree, of Boston. She resides at Baltimore, Md., where she is established as a singer and vocal teacher.



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

We hear a great deal these days about Northern capital developing the natural resources of the South, but the people of the South must learn that the only way to make the South a good place for Northern capital and immigration to come to it, is to make it a good place for black men to stay in.—The Reformer.

Dr. D. A. Ferguson, of Richmond, Va., recently returned from a four-days' trip to Washington, where he organized the National Association of Colored Dentists. He was elected president of the Association.

[From the Albuquerque (N. M.) Journal-Democrat.]

The occasional southerner who rises to advocate the repeal of the 15th amendment to the federal constitution apparently does not realize the impossibility of his scheme. You can drive around the amendment and over it and through it with a coach and four, but there it stands, and there it will stand so long as the present constitution is printed in the school books.—Springfield Republican.

It is true, as The Republican intimates, that the amendments which grew out of the revolution of 1861 are not enforced; men are held in slavery in some of our outlying possessions, and men are disfranchised on account of race or color in some of the darker sections of our continental empire, but the amendments are there just the same, and there they will stay, for we need them in our business. We have to have them to use in the

forum and on the stump, and whenever we need something to point at with pride as theegis of American liberty, and hence the talk about repealing them is all folly.

The amendments have gone into a trust with the golden rule, and are doing business on an *ex propria vigore* basis, but up to date the general expansion of trade has not visibly affected the business in this line.

[From the Albany Journal.]

The suggestion that a monument be erected in this country to Napoleon Bonaparte because he sold Louisiana to the American government has been discussed in several newspapers. In the face of facts, one is prompted to propose a monument to Toussaint L'Ouverture. This Negro hero of Hayti, whom Napoleon felt was enacting a travesty on his own consular regime, is the person to whom we owe in great part our possession of Louisiana. Napoleon had no love for us. Talleyrand was in favor and it was he who had declared that "the United States must be shut up in the limits which nature had traced for them." The scheme of a western empire was fascinating Napoleon. In 1800 by the treaty of San Ildefonso, Louisiana was retroceded by Spain to France, and France pretended to deliver to Spain the duchy of Etruria. The colonization plan was begun, and Leclerc was sent on an expedition to San Domingo. Hayti was to be made the base for an expedition to Louisiana. But the French never got further than Hayti.

Toussaint L'Ouverture and fever put an end to them. As Napoleon's schemes began to ripen, Europe looked on with increasing interest. And all the while President Jefferson viewed the operations in Hayti with unconcern, little appreciating their vast significance. Europe

sippi; if San Domingo should resist, and succeed in resistance, the recoil would spend its force on Europe, while America would be left to pursue her democratic destiny in peace." In 1802, 24,000 men under Leclerc died from fever and the onslaughts of the blacks. In January,



From the painting by Doré.

MOSES BREAKING THE TABLES OF THE LAW.

See page 36.

did not altogether feel that its own welfare depended on L'Ouverture. It failed to grasp the whole truth.

Says Henry Adams, the historian: "If he (L'Ouverture) and his blacks should succumb easily to their fate, the wave of the French empire would roll on to Louisiana and sweep far up the Missis-

1803, Leclerc himself succumbed and the army was annihilated. Bernadotte, Lousat and Victor were ready to pursue the campaign, but Napoleon was afraid that a second failure in Hayti would destroy French credit and public faith. So he changed his plan. Sebastiani submitted a report on the military condition of the

East. On March 12, 1803, Napoleon informed the British minister that France must have Malta or war. And so the hope of a western empire vanished. And Spain, failing to get Etruria, showed her contempt for France by restoring our entrepot at New Orleans and admitting our claims for war damages. France was indignant. She saw a means of scoring against both Spain and England, and she tossed to us Louisiana as a rich man

time he became steward of an Austrian steamship plying between San Francisco and Austria. Mr. Talley served in this capacity three years, at the end of which the officials of the steamship company promoted him to the stewardship of one of their largest vessels plying between San Francisco and China. He remained with the steamship company six years and, having been very successful in the matter of investing his savings, resigned



W. W. TALLEY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

would toss a coin to a beggar.

It is to the desperate courage of the 50,000 Haytian Negroes that we are largely indebted for the cession of Louisiana. If a monument must be erected in commemoration of that cession, let it be to that black Napoleon, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

The first struggle of Mr. W. W. Talley was, to use a quaint expression, a "knife shiner," but his opportunities grew with his ambition and in a short

his position as steward and was appointed to a responsible position in the Bank of California, where he remained seven years. Upon his retirement from the bank, he entered politics. He made his first political speech in the Presidential election of 1880. Since that time he has been a conspicuous figure in every great political struggle, and his ability as an orator, his good judgment in matters political, and his wide acquaintance among the leading men in public life combine to make him an ideal manager.

Before leaving San Francisco he served two years as deputy coroner of the county, two terms as Grand Master of the Masonic Order, one term as Deputy Grand Master, one term as Grand Master of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows. He went to Chicago in 1892 and at once become a power in the political affairs of Cook county and the state. In

world, and, as president of the famous Dunbar Literary Club of New York city, he is frequently referred to as the Chauncy M. Depew of his race, so great is his reputation as an after-dinner speaker.

At this time, when the cause of both Home and Foreign Missions are receiv-



MRS. ALICE W. WILEY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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1896 he came to New York and made a tour of the state for the Republican cause.

During the campaign of 1900 his voice was again heard as a champion of the principles of the Republican party, and he was introduced as the "Black McKinley."

In society Mr. Talley is as well and favorably known as he is in the political

ing such liberal attention from both clergy and laity; it will doubtless be of interest to the thousands of readers of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, to present a short account of a noble little band of Christian workers which is doing yeoman service for God and humanity at home.

The Dorcas Home Mission Society of the Concord Baptist Church of Christ,

Brooklyn, New York, is an example of faith and good works, with the silver cord of charity as its guide line, running throughout its field of righteous endeavor.

The society has had a long and successful career. It was organized many years ago, having grown out of the too numerous demands made for aid, by persons worthy of help within and without the church.

Although the society had its inception in the church its helping hand extends far and near, wherever the cry of the widow and orphan is heard or the voice of the needy and lowly reaches its generous and attentive ear. The society holds its regular meetings monthly in the lecture room of the church and they are well attended, brief and to the point. A small sum is required of each member monthly as dues, but the bulk of the revenue of the society comes from the generous donations of the members and friends in the way of material for clothing, which is turned to good account at the annual fair of the society in the spring time. Sewing meetings are held from time to time, at which the material for clothing is made ready for sale and plans for future work perfected. These meetings have social as well as business features. At the close of the work session, refreshments are served and a general good time is indulged in by all. The coming of Mrs. Alice W. Wiley to Concord Church, and her subsequent election to the presidency of the Dorcas Society seven years ago, infused new life and vigor into the working forces of the Dorcas and marked a new chapter in its history, which has grown brighter and brighter as the years have rolled by, until today, under her wise leadership, self-sacrificing efforts, her knowledge of domestic economy and her executive ability, the bank account of the society is an inspiration to the trustees of the church and the wonder and admiration of similar institutions in the city.

Soon after Mrs. Wiley became presi-

dent of the Dorcas, the necessity of bringing together the younger members of the church and congregation, became apparent, and it was not long before a junior Dorcas Society was formed, which has been a blessing to the working forces of the mother organization and a gratification to both pastor and people. Mrs. Wiley is directress of the Concord Baptist Sunday school and also teacher of one of the largest classes in the adult department. She is also the third vice-president of the Northeastern Federation of Women's Clubs, which will meet with the Dorcas Society at Concord Baptist Church in Brooklyn, in August, 1902, for which she is now planning. Mrs. Wiley is a race woman in the truest sense of the word, of good old Virginia stock; an untiring worker in every good cause, and a ceaseless advocate of the possibilities within the grasp of her people in every walk of life.

Mrs. Lettie A. Jones is the vice-president and fills her place with becoming dignity and is one of those willing workers who can always be relied upon. The secretary, Mrs. Anna A. Perkins, is what we call a member of the old school—she is as true as steel and as accurate as a trained marksman. She is a veteran secretary, having served the society for fourteen years.

Mrs. Sarah A. Moles, the treasurer, like Mrs. Perkins, has served in that position for thirteen years, which speaks for her in terms of greater praise than could any mere words.

Pastor William T. Dixon is the advisory of the society, and watches over its interest with a fatherly care. As over the Dorcas, so over all the organizations of Concord Church.

MR. WASHINGTON in his autobiography speaks thus of his secretary, Mr. Emmett J. Scott: "My private secretary, Mr. Emmett J. Scott, for a number of years has been in the closest and most

(Here and There continued on page 67.)



DIAMOND HEAD, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

SIX HAWAIIAN KINGS.

S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE.

The Hawaiian Islands, eight in number, are a group or chain of islands, lying in the direct course of all steamers going to Australia, Polynesia, the Philippines and the far East. The largest, Hawaii, has an area of four thousand two hundred and ten square miles; Maui has seven hundred and sixty square miles; Oahu, six hundred square miles; Kauai, five hundred and ninety square miles; Molokai, two hundred and seventy square miles; Lanai, one hundred and fifty square miles; Kahoolawe, ninety-seven square miles; Nihau, sixty-three square miles. Of these Honolulu is the central point. It is twenty-one thousand miles from San Francisco, four thousand two hundred and ten miles from the west coast of Panama, four thousand eight hundred and twenty miles from Auckland, three thousand four hundred and forty-five miles from Yokahama.

The islands have a salubrious climate and the most mixed population in the world. This group was first discovered by a Spanish navigator, Gaetano, in 1542,

and was visited in 1567 by another navigator, Mendana. Yet the Japanese claim to be the first discoverers, and to have had intercourse with the islands long before the Spaniards; and even before Gaetano's expedition we find that one or more Spanish vessels were wrecked on the Isles. The sailors, being hardy men, were an acceptable addition and married among the chief's realms, and today, especially the natives of Kanai, show a Spanish trait in their contours, and are known by the name of "Keka."

But the real honor of bringing these islands to the attention of the world fell to Captain Cook, who, on an exploring voyage, touched at the Island of Oahu, January 18, 1778. He then visited the American coast and returned to the islands for repairs and fresh food, when some of his sailors got into a dispute with a number of the natives and Captain Cook was killed in the melée that followed, on account of the cowardice of his men, who allowed his brains to be knocked out before their eyes, with but

little resistance. Captain Cook's death occurred at Kalakua Bay, February 17, 1779.

Then their government was a feudal system, led by chiefs, transcending from

ly made monarch, and he was attacked by the chiefs of Koua, but defeated them, and conquered all of the group but one, making a treaty with him that at the death of their great chief he was to be



(From "Hawaii's Story," Copyright, 1908, by Lee and Shepard.)

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

father to son. This system continued until about the year 1790; when a great chief, Kamehameha, banded several chiefs together, and declared himself king of Hawaii. But the other chiefs did not feel disposed to accept this new-

acknowledged King of all Hawaii.

After a prosperous reign Kamehameha died, leaving his eldest son, Kamehameha II, to reign in his stead. He was more enlightened than his father, and after many conflicts abolished the Taboo sys-

tem and destroyed the idols, and it was under his reign, on April 4, 1820, that the first seven American missionaries arrived, with their wives, and began the arduous task of making a written lan-

After having gained the full confidence of the royal family the missionaries advised them to travel and see the world, that they might learn something more about governing than from



From "Hawaii's Story," Copyright, 1898, by Lee and Shepard.

KING KALAKAVA.

guage out of the then only spoken tongue. This language had been kept alive by the learned Hawaiians, and the kanaka, as it is written and spoken today, is the work of these seven missionaries.

mere book lore. Following this advice they visited His Most Gracious Majesty in 1823, who died shortly afterwards.

Then Kaahumanu, widow of Kamehameha I, became Queen Regent, and

reigned until 1833, when Kauikeaouli began to reign under the title of Kamehameha III. Everything seemed to run smoothly until the year 1837. On July 7th of that year the Catholic missionaries arrived and a struggle for religious supremacy ensued. Protestantism had a good foothold, and the natives treated the priests of the Catholic church in a very cruel manner; so much so in fact, that Commandant Laplace, in command of a French frigate, demanded equal treatment for Catholics and Protestants. The ten commandments had been adopted by the natives as the law of Hawaii. In the meantime with the advancing times, in 1844, the king promulgated a new constitution, giving civil rights to all citizens. Then the king got into difficulty with Lord George Paulet, who demanded the provisional cessation of the islands to Great Britain; but Admiral Thomas intervened and restored the flag July 1st of the same year.

In 1846 Kamehameha approved the famous land act, giving outright his right of inheritance to a portion of the Crown lands, to the people. Again in 1849, the French took temporary occupation of the port of Honolulu, and again in 1842 the constitution was revised, establishing free suffrage as a civic right.

On Dec. 15, 1854, Kamehameha III died, and was succeeded by Liholiho, Son of Kinau, daughter of Kamehameha I, and he reigned as Kamehameha IV. His first act was to build the Queen's Hospital, and he then married the then beautiful Emmanea, daughter of Dr. Brooke. They had issue, but the child died at four years of age, and Kamehameha IV was succeeded by Lot Kamehameha, under the title of Kamehameha V, on Nov. 30, 1863. Kamehameha IV was an autocrat. His first act was to greatly limit the rights of the people. But he beautified his Capitol, erected public buildings, and laid out many parks. His reign was short, and he died without issue in 1872, thus ending the line of the Kamehamehas.

Four weeks later Lohalilo, a high chief, was unanimously elected king. His reign, like his predecessor's, was very short, but noted for the liberal restoration of the principles of the old constitution.

He granted a cessation of pearl harbor, to the U. S., and died without issue on February 3, 1874. Then the high chief, David Kalakua, was elected King under the title of Kalakua I. Queen Emma, however, presented a determined protest, as she was Queen Dowager. So great was the argument in her favor that the election was broken up in a riot, and the combined forces from Her Majesty's and the U. S. ships in the harbor had to be landed, to restore order. Then the constitutional convention elected Queen Liliuokalani, heir apparent, as defined by the constitution, thus ending forever the last pretext of the line of the Kamehamehas. King Kalakua was a Royal Hawaiian of pure blood, and a relative of the old dynasty and his mother was a niece of Kamehameha I.

He was crowned amid great pomp and ceremony with his Queen Kapiolani, and all of the joys and pastimes of Hawaii were indulged in. He was a hale and hardy fellow, well met, and began his reign by crying out, "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." He had an idea of colonization, and to make Japan his ally, and together they could rule Polynesia. He made a reciprocity treaty with the U. S., which was very advantageous to his kingdom.

He also built a palace costing \$1,000,000, borrowing a great deal of the money from Claus Spreckels, the sugar king. He changed his cabinet whenever he found them not in accord with his personal ideas and he commanded money from all sides, and in one case he forced a Chinaman to send \$60,000 to the palace on extortion.

In 1890, a bold plot was made to dethrone him, by Robert D. Wilcox and Robert Boyd, the former now U. S. sen-

ator. Both were educated at the Italian Royal college at Turin. Their object was to force Kalakua to abdicate and place his sister Liliuokalani in his room. This brought the matter before the legislature, but the vote was a tie. The ministry then resigned and a new one was formed. When closing the legislative session he

secular schools. Over one-half of the pupils were cosmopolitans, the remainder natives. The Oahu College and the Kamehameha Industrial School, for both sexes, being the foremost, these latter having been endowed from time to time by wealthy Hawaiians, one of the largest coming from a princess, Mrs. Charles R.



A NATIVE TYPE, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

told them to be economical in their expenditures, for they exceeded their revenues.

He visited Europe and was well received and fêted by the queen, and traveled extensively in the U. S., and I believe he was the last real king, as a king, to visit Boston. He died shortly after his return and was succeeded by Queen Liliuokalani.

In 1890 we find a complete educational system in full swing in the islands, with about one hundred and seventy-eight

Bishop, who donated \$500,000 of her worldly possessions to help the struggling youth.

Then the McKinley tariff bill practically ruined the sugar industry of the islands, and Queen Liliuokalani did not find it as easy to pick up, or command a million, as the old king Kalakua had and the two factions who were working to two great ends, caused her no little annoyance.

Her advisors were men of English sentiments, anti-American, and they

counseled an English protectorate. The Americans, who controlled half of the industries of the island, naturally wished, and swore that they would never rest till Old Glory waved over the palace, and we shall see how they kept their word.

we see the underlying hand of the missionaries. Chief Justice Judd submitted a list of all white officials and it was taken exception to by the queen, and eventually when the list was made up two of the old cabinet members refused



From "Hawaii's Story" Copyright, 1898, by Lee and Shepard.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI.

Queen Liliuokalani cried out, "Hawaii for Hawaiians," but King Kalakua had done too much for her prestige to last much longer. She declared her intention to appoint a new cabinet. Many clamored for all Hawaiians, and again

to retire, claiming a constitutional right to remain. The queen referred the case to the Supreme Court, and the court condemned their action and they were forced to retire. Mr. Wildman took the portfolio of state, but was not equal to the

occasion and he had to retire. The queen's consort, Mr. Dominis died, and then the American revolutionary party began its work.

They knew that the queen was a royalist and in great favor at Balmoral. A commission was appointed to go to Washington to make a reciprocity treaty by which they could gain some of the \$5,000,000 revenue that was lost to them by the McKinley bill. The queen was a woman of good education and refinement, but she was not void of all those superstitions which characterize the Hawaiians. Many strenuous economic questions arose, but all were settled in due time, except the lottery bill, the most noted of them all, "for we may say that a kingdom was lost for a policy slip." The U. S. had driven the Louisiana Lottery Co. from America, and when the Hawaiian legislature passed the bill, and it was signed by the queen Jan. 14, 1893, U. S. Minister Stephens considered it a direct attack on the government.

Then Lorrin G. Thurston and the natives clamored again for a new constitution, giving the queen power to create new nobles and allow only natives and tax-paying residents a voice in the government. This was the moment Thurston had longed for, and as the leader of the reform party, with the ministers, he held a meeting at the attorney-general's office, and desired to declare the queen in revolution and the throne thereby vacant. The ministers afterward refused to return to the palace, and requested Mr. Thurston to see what could be done in the way of obtaining armed support for the party, against the queen's guards. He soon had an ample quantity of men and informed them of his success.

The ministers returned, but the queen, who had got wind of the meeting, assured them, through her prime minister, that no new constitution would be promulgated, whereupon Lorrain G. Thurston spoke up and said, "No, we will accept no guarantee; we are going to

settle this thing, now, once for all, we are tired of it." They attempted to hold a meeting at the Opera house and it was forbidden by the chief of police. Then Mr. Thurston consulted U. S. Minister Stephens, who decided to call upon Captain Wiltse for armed protection. Captain Wiltse at once ordered one hundred and sixty marines ashore, under Lieutenant Com. Swinburne. The committee of safety regretted this rash act and sent a committee to Minister Stephens to say that he was hasty and to defer the landing of troops, but they were answered that they were already landed whether the committee was ready or not. Then hundreds of protests came from all sides. They then formed a provisional government, and Minister Stephens informed the queen that he had reorganized the government, with Sanford P. Dole as president, and he also requested the U. S. troops to remain, and he thanked Captain Wiltse for the course pursued.

The queen's soldiers were disarmed, and Mr. Damon informed the queen officially of the provisional government and asked her to sign her abdication. Her ministers also advised her to take this course, but she indignantly refused, and was vigorously upheld by two princes, Paul Neuman and E. C. McFarland.

Judge Wideman counselled her to abdicate, under protest, assuring her that it would be the same as in 1843, when the British restored the flag. She finally acceded, and the Hawaiian flag was lowered, and the stars and stripes hoisted forever in the middle of the Pacific, and America's first step toward colonization had begun. Minister Stephens read in his first proclamation, "The Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe, and this is the golden hour for the U. S. to pluck it."

This state of affairs existed until Gen. Harrison was defeated by the Democratic nominee, Grover Cleveland, who after reviewing the case, read in his message to Congress these words: "By an act of the war committee, with the participation of

a diplomatic representative of the U. S. Government, without authority of Congress, the government of a feeble, but friendly people has been overthrown, a substantial wrong has been done, which a due regard of our national character, as well as the rights of the injured people, requires we should repair."

He sent a special commissioner, Mr. Blount, to Hawaii to ascertain the true state of affairs, and also sent a plea to congress, asking it to do them justice, as the queen's government did not surrender to the provisional government, but to the supreme power of the United States to avoid a clash of arms and bloodshed, with a friendly state.

But Congress did not repair the wrong and on July 4, 1894, the republic of Hawaii was proclaimed, with S. B. Dole as president.

Secretary Gresham said in a letter to Minister Willis: "It is a violation of international law, and it is required of the president to disavow and condemn the acts of our offending officials."

The natives had expected restoration at the hands of our government and when they found that Congress did not restore the queen, they at once began to plot revolutions, and Robert D. Wilcox, now U. S. senator, fostered a revolution in behalf of the queen. The provisional governor captured four hundred rifles with the civil guard and imprisoned all of the loyal subjects, but this was not the end. On January 6, 1895, another royalist outbreak occurred, in which twelve insurgents were shot and five hundred taken prisoners, besides thirty-six rifles and two dynamite bombs.


Another outbreak occurred on Jan. 9, in which many were shot and seventy persons were arrested for complicity. Ten Americans and ten British were condemned to death by the local govern-

ment. The United States and Great Britain called a halt, and demanded a delay in the execution. On Jan. 16 the ex-queen was arrested and imprisoned for the same charge. She renounced all pretensions to the throne and was tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

Robert D. Wilcox, now U. S. senator, was fined ten thousand dollars and thirty-five years' imprisonment. Then Mr. Thurston was recalled for having abused his office, and Major James Wodehouse was recalled to London, having been minister to Hawaii for thirty-five years.

The Republic, however, was a success, and on Oct. 23rd the governor pardoned ex-Queen Liliuokalani, who left for the United States, where she met Queen Liliuokalani, and they proceeded to Washington to plead the cause of the heiress apparent to the throne of Hawaii.

They were warmly received by the President and informed that he had done all he could to restore the kingdom, but it had not pleased Congress to do so. Thus vanished the last hope of the restoration, and another kingdom ceased to exist. Then diplomatic disputes arose with Japan, as the government had always dreaded the numbers and the adroitness of the Japanese, and they sent back one thousand immigrants under a false pretext, whereupon the emporor of Japan sent his warship, Naniwa, to Honolulu to look after his subjects, and the U. S. government paid two hundred thousand dollar indemnity and closed the protest. On August 10, 1898, the sovereignty of the islands was transferred to the United States, and in accord with the views of the commissioners, all persons of African and Hawaiian parentage, including Portuguese, who were citizens of Hawaii, all became citizens of the United States.



HERE AND THERE. (From page 58.)

helpful relations to me in all my work. Without his constant and painstaking care, it would be impossible for me to perform even a very small part of the labor that I now do. Mr. Scott understands so thoroughly my motives, plans and ambitions that he puts himself into my own position as nearly as it is possible for one individual to put himself into the place of another, and in this way makes himself invaluable, not only to me personally, but to the institution. Such men as Mr. Scott I have found exceedingly rare; only once or twice in a lifetime are such people discovered."

A WORTHY OBJECT.

ROBERT W. TAYLOR.

A few weeks ago I sent out an appeal in behalf of "Aunt" Harriet Tubman, that remarkable woman of our race living in Auburn, N. Y., who has devoted her life to helping others.

I told how she piloted more than three hundred slaves to freedom's soil; the part she played as spy, scout and hospital nurse for the Union Army in the Civil war; and the labor of love she has been carrying on since the war by turning her home into an orphanage and old folks' home for members of her race, who, but for her, would have been consigned to the poor house, followed by a pauper's grave for the old, or probably a life of shame for the young.

I asked that seventeen hundred dollars (\$1,700) be sent in to save a piece of property in her possession which could not be bought for six thousand dollars (\$6,000), and I hereby renew that appeal. But for her life of sublime self-forgetfulness I am sure that this burden would not be upon her at this time when age and infirmity have overtaken her.

Earnest efforts are now being made to raise this amount by December 20th, so

that the cancelled mortgage may be presented her as a Christmas gift. Let us all come to the rescue of this woman.

She desires to leave this property as a Home for Aged Colored Men and Women. When in New York city a few days ago I heard that she could not deed this property away and I immediately went to Auburn, N. Y., to examine the title and seek legal advice and found everything all right. Do not be afraid to help this woman. Every small amount will count.

The following amounts have been received: Robert W. Taylor, \$10; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Montgomery, Helena, Mont., \$2; Mrs. James E. Johnson, for The Woman's New Century Club, Providence, R. I., \$5; Miss S. A. Beckwith, for Woman's Club of Federation, Montgomery, Ala., \$5; Miss Theresa Smith, Detroit, Mich., \$1; Miss M. A. Knaves and friends, Joplin, Mo., \$1; Miss Laura M. Lee, Tuesday Evening Study Club, Pittsburg, Pa., \$10.50; Young Men's Educational Aid Association and Ladies' Auxiliary, through President L. M. Holmes, Boston, Mass., \$15; Miss M. C. Wells and friends, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$4; W. A. B. Matthews and E. M. Gordon, Medford, Mass., \$2; The Musical and Literary Branch of the Rose of New England Women's League, Providence, R. I., \$10; Miss Jessie M. Johnson, Ithaca, N. Y., \$1; Miss Susie Miller, Philadelphia, \$1; Miss Nannie Newman, Torrington, Conn., \$1; Sojourney Truth Club, Montgomery, Ala., through the N. Y. "Age," \$5; Fortune and Peterson, N. Y. "Age," New York City, \$2; Forest City Club and Zion Sunday School, Middletown, Conn., through C. A. C. Beman, \$6.25; H. A. Ellis, San Antonio, Tex., \$1; Miss Helen Gray, president Magnolia Club, Springfield, Mass., \$1; W. H. Stanton, Esq., Pittsburg, Pa., \$5; Allen Washington, secretary Hampton

Summer School, Hampton, Va., \$21; L. G. Mason, Hudson, N. Y., \$10; A. M. E. Zion Sunday School, Auburn, N. Y., \$5; Mrs. Walter A. Hatton, New York city, \$1. Total, \$125.75. All checks or money orders should be made payable to Harriet Tubman, and addressed to Mr. C. A. Smith, Parker Street, Auburn, N. Y.

THE NEGRO'S OPPORTUNITIES.

[From N. Y. Journal.]

Of all the grievances that distress ambitious Negroes the most galling is the disadvantage of their race in the matter of earning a living. None but menial positions are open to black men, they say. The Negro has no chance to be anything but a hewer of wood and a drawer of water.

There is something in that when the Negro looks exclusively to finding some white man for an employer. But why should a people ten million strong need to look for employers outside of itself? There are as many negroes in the United States now as there were people of all colors in 1820. The average American in Monroe's time did not think it necessary to hunt an Englishman to give him a job.

The fundamental industry, especially for a race of primitive culture, such as the colored race is now, is agriculture. It contains the promise of complete independence. The thrifty colored man who owns forty acres and a mule is nobody's servant. He is infinitely freer than the white factory hand or clerk. He can bring up his children in the healthiest possible conditions. The only limit to his advancement is in himself.

On this solid agricultural foundation can be built a substantial structure of dependent industries. Tuskegee has shown how. The colored farmers must have their mules shod, their ploughs sharpened and their wagons tired. If they do not employ colored blacksmiths it will be either because they do not take the grievances of their race very seriously or be-

cause there are no competent Negro smiths to be found.

These farmers can furnish a market for the services of colored carpenters, ministers, physicians and storekeepers, and these people in turn can employ still others. There is every opportunity for the erection of a great, self-supporting, self-respecting community, without depending upon the favor of the whites.

Of course, there will always be colored cooks, waiters, barbers and porters, but these employments need not be the principal fields of Negro activity unless the Negroes wish them to be. There is no reason why the highest ambition of a bright colored youth should be to become a Pullman car porter. The road to independence is open.

Some employments open to white men are not very promising for black ones. Owing to the fact that the courts are generally in white hands, there may be a handicap on colored lawyers, but that can hardly be considered a calamity to the race, any more than the slim pickings for colored politicians. There might be some obstacles in the way of a black man becoming a member of the New York Stock Exchange, but there is nothing to hinder his speculating in stocks and becoming a Napoleon of finance if he can. The wool of black lambs is appreciated as highly as that of white in Wall Street.

The paths of literary fame are open, as Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar has found. Negroes may start newspapers and magazines for people of their own race. They have a wider field to cultivate than the founders of the London Times and the Edinburgh Review had. Negro capitalists may accumulate wealth and invest it in great enterprises. They may build railroads, hotels, restaurants and theatres of their own, in which people of their race may be sure of the best accommodations.

In short, the future of the Negro is in his own hands. Whether the white man treats him justly or not he cannot be kept down unless he is willing to stay down.

A GOSPEL TRIUMPH.

F. R. S.

"Waal, boys, 'taint wuth w'ile ter buck agin a fac'," began Bill Thorpe, sidling into a discussion of economy carried on by some dozen miners who were gathered in Bill's cabin for a talk and a game or two before bed-time. "It's jes' this way: we fellers air fur a fac' jes' drinkin' an' squand'rin' away our airnins fas'ner then we're takin' 'em in. But ther rimedy ain't parsons an' pulpit theatrics. Now, if thar wuz some feemales in ther' diggins,—some wimmen folks, d'ye see? things 'ud be diff'runt; that's wot th' 'ud be."

These sentiments were received with a storm of applause, during which other miners, attracted by the uproar, kept dropping in, till the little shanty was packed with all the inhabitants of Last Chance Gulch,—all but Snake Long, the messenger. The speaker had risen to his feet in his earnestness, and concluded his speech with a vigorous pounding of the table before him, on which there lay a scattered pack of much-used playing cards and a drained whiskey flask.

Partly from his suavity, partly from his priority of residence, Bill was the Nestor of the Gulch. He and his partner, Dave Bolton, two wandering prospectors, had, the previous winter, drifted into the abandoned claim known as Elton's Folly. They fell to prospecting in the neighborhood, and by a singular shift of fortune, struck a rich ledge of quartz, which they believed to be the one which poor old Bob Elton had worried out his last days in seeking. The assay of the ore in the following spring confirmed their expectations; the fame of their find soon spread abroad; and by summer, eleven cabins dotted the rocky slopes and a score or so of miners made up the population of Last Chance Gulch.

When the hubbub had subsided, One-eyed Fritz, of marine antecedents, chimed in:

"Yaas, Bill, we all agree wid yer. Wimmen would make us take in our canvas a bit, I reckon. I on'y wish my beauty hed lived tell now. She'd be out ter these diggin's jes' ez quick ez ever steam an' cayuses could fetch her. An' we'd be stowed in a neat little cottige thar be ther crick, wid ther wines creepin' over ther doors an' windies, an' ther children playin' on ther rocks, an' skippin' up ther butte in ther ev'nin' ter meet their dad. But Mathilda died afore——." in' on ther rocks, an' skippin' up ther butte in ther ev'nin' ter meet their dad. But Mathilda died afore——."

Fritz's yarn was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Snake Long, the messenger. Since Snake was almost the only means of communication with the outside world, his coming was awaited by all the miners with much eagerness. On this occasion he acted in a manner very unusual. Instead of at once blurting out, as he was wont to do, the batch of hearsays and happenings which he collected on his semi-weekly trips, Snake stood speechless in the doorway, his eyes blinking rapidly, as if he were greatly agitated.

"Come, Snake, out wid it," at length broken in Bill Thorpe, "don't keep ther boys waitin'."

"Bo—oys," Snake began, "thar's—thar's a woman in ther diggin's! I fetched her over wid me from Rawally, whar she got out o' ther Demarswille stage-coach. She's goin' ter put up in ol' Bob Elton's shack, over thar be ther Folly. I stopped ter help her squar' away her traps a bit. But, say, boys, she's purty!"

A woman in the diggings! The crowd

of miners scarcely bore to hear Snake through. They were all for going over to Elton's Folly at once and formally welcoming the new-comer as became the inhabitants of Last Chance Gulch. But here Bill Thorpe interposed:

"No, boys, thet wouldn't be jes' ther thing. Make it termorrer. She mightn't be ready ter receive us jes' now, d'ye see?"

Next day the arrival of widow Allensworth was celebrated with all the pomp which so extraordinary an event deserved. The widow listened with becoming demureness to the rough but honest compliments paid her, and she beamed on each of the twenty odd miners with equal intensity of radiance. So well she sustained her part that each man left her door feeling certain that a designing Providence had sent the coy widow to be his special prize. Even One-eyed Fritz now again hoped to see his family flourishing on the hillsides.

The prosperity of the widow dawned with her coming. She was forthwith overrun with washing and mending, which netted her snug little heaps of glittering yellow dust. All the while she maintained strict impartiality toward the score of competitors for her hand.

Eventually two succeeded in winning special favor in her sight,—Bill Thorpe and his partner, Dave Bolton; but between these two, the widow was in a great dilemma. Dave was the better-looking, but Bill was by far the smoother-tongued. They both pressed her ardently for answer. The hapless Susan would say over and over again to herself, "It is Dave," and instantly her ears would ring with Bill's glowing praises. Then she would decide again: "No; not Dave, but Bill"; and next moment would appear Dave's handsome face. In this perplexity, the widow at length one night, being overwhelmingly importuned, yielded to Dave; she herself fixed the date; and enjoined secrecy, because she wanted a quiet wedding out of respect for her

late husband. The very next night, Bill's sweet words so enraptured the fickle widow that she said yes to his entreaties, fixed the same date and hour, and enjoined secrecy for the same reason.

The following Sunday, the Reverend Joshua Meekins, being then upon his regular rounds, came to Last Chance Gulch, which formed a part of Ravalli Circuit. Monthly meetings were held in One-eyed Fritz's cabin, all the miners attending except Bill Thorpe, who, on the Sundays when the other miners straggled by to church, used to drawl out from his door: "Waal, boys, yer goin' over ter ther theatrics, air yer?"

On this particular Sunday, at the close of the services, Dave Bolton took the minister aside and whispered in his ear; whereupon the latter said with a smile, as he turned away: "Tuesday evening at six, eh? All right, I'll be on hand."

"Susan said eight," muttered Dave to himself, "but I'd better be sure an' hev ther parson thar betimes."

Early Monday morning, when Snake Long, going his rounds, reached Bill Thorpe's cabin and asked what was wanted at Ravalli, Bill handed him a greasy envelope, on which was scrawled:

JESTIS NED SHARPE,
Rawally, Montany.

"An' Snake, yer'll obleege me, if yer'll put thet in ther jedge's han's yerself."

As Snake drove off, Bill said to himself: "It won't do no harm ter hev ther jedge thar a bitt airly."

Tuesday evening, Bill Thorpe, upon his cayuse, stole up the gulch, chuckling to himself at the way he would surprise "ther boys" by introducing Mrs. Thorpe. As he jogged along, he rehearsed again and again what he should say to "ther boys" when they came round with congratulations; and in this roseate mood he came to the top of the hill whence the road drops abruptly to Elton's Folly. Then, some distance ahead, he espied a

horseman whom he immediately recognized as his late rival, Dave; and a terrible suspicion shot through him! Heeling his cayuse to a wild gallop, he endeavored to overtake Dave; but the latter, on hearing the clatter behind him, turned in his saddle, recognized Bill, and goaded his own steed to the utmost. Bill had the speedier mount, but Dave had too long a lead to be outstripped. As it was, however, Dave entered the front door just a moment before Bill burst through the rear door of the widow's cabin.

Susan leaped up in fright from her seat beside the minister and stared at the two excited grooms. Before either Dave or Bill could speak the minister arose and, smiling blandly, said: "Permit me, gentlemen, my wife sence a half hour,

Mrs. Meekins?" The defeated pair stammered out some congratulatory phrases and hastened to be gone. Then the Reverend Joshua Meekins turned to Jestis Ned Sharpe, who also had started for the door, and with the benignity with which he usually exhorted a new convert, he handed that legal dignitary a gold piece:

"Waal, Jedge, I reckon I'd better pay you thet little fee now. It was a quick triumph fur the righteous; and it was well done, according to the law and the gospel. I might say thet fur many days I hed lagged in the valley; but not till coming in this presence this morning, hed I faith and courage to mount up the heights to this glorious consummation. But the Lord moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to preform."

THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME.

BENJAMIN GRIFFITH BRAWLEY.

(This sonnet was suggested by Book VI, Chap. III, of Victor Hugo's novel, "Notre Dame.")

Far up in the cathedral, so they tell,
 There lived the lonely hunch-back all day long—
 No thought but of the church-bells, great and strong,
 And deaf but feeling full the chorus swell:—
 'Tis holiday! O! come! my Gabrielle!
 And all the rest of ye, pour out your song!
 Why stand ye idle, lagging there? *Ding! dong!*
 O! Thibauld, sound your deep, reverberant cell!
 O! Sparrows, yield the sweetness that ye bring!
 O! Pasquier, forth your piping music hurl
 To th' multitude below, and all earth fill!
 Awake! awake! awake to life and sing!
 But lo! behold! she comes, the dancing girl!
 The ringer's heart leaps, but the bells are still.



BOOK REVIEWS

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

Some time ago Mr. Howells wrote a very surprising novel called "An Imperative Duty"; since the appearance of Mr. Howells' book we have had two others of the same class, Mr. Chesnutt's "The House Behind the Cedars" and Payne Erskine's "When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads." These books deal with a serious problem; their authors treat delicate motives, and to a large extent with doubtful faith. One can say, though, of Miss Erskine's book, it is more cheerful and optimistic than any other book as yet written upon such a delicate theme; and while the author does not take a partial view of the question, the tone of the story imparts a hopeful outlook for the solution of the conflicting principles she has drawn. Mrs. Erskine has painted the Negro as he is, and not as her imagination might have conceived him; and what is more considerate, she has truthfully given him his rightful possibilities, placing him in the common attitude of humanity, recognizing for him the right to receive a serious hearing from the mentors of modern civilization, to labor and attain, to conquer and accomplish. The author vigorously proclaims her gospel of justice when she puts the following ideas of a common brotherhood in the mind of her heroine: "And these are our brothers and sisters," Portia thought. "The great Caucasian race must stoop to these before it can rise higher. They have reached the boundary line past which they cannot move toward

Godlikeness until they have learned to place God's estimate of value on a human soul, of whatever race or condition. The value of a human soul—God's estimate—then these must be lifted up before we can rise out of the grovelling, man-made standards we have set up for ourselves. Can a small part of humanity be culled out from the whole to be raised up in God's image, and the rest lie where they are and die?"

The scene of the story is laid in the little town of Patterson, in the mountains of North Carolina, in the seventies. Portia Van Ostade, a northern girl of culture and northern sympathies, inherits an estate in Patterson. Her family fortunes having been lost, she, her mother and grandfather move into the Marshall's old house, which Miss Van Ostade opens to boarders. Around this house is centred the action of the story. John Marshall, son of General Marshall, returns to Patterson with building schemes in his head; he becomes Portia's lover, and in the love-affair of John and Portia a surprising denouement is brought to light. John Marshall, by a unique exchange of babies, proves to be the son of "Mammy Clarissa, and is therefore, according to an inexorable law of southern prejudice, inalienably identified with the Negro race; Mrs. Marshall's legitimate son, who inherits the traits and complexion of her Cuban ancestors, is supposedly Mammy Clarissa's son; he is a respectable and thrifty barber in the town, and on account of his polished manners and spotless personality is known by the appellation of Lord Ches-

"WHEN THE GATES LIFT UP THEIR HEADS."
A Story of the Seventies. By PAUL ER-
SKINE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

terfield. Around this central motive is grouped many episodes, well-drawn and convincingly depicted. The revival meeting in the cabin where after preaching a remarkable sermon from the text, "W'en de Gates Lift up deir Haid," old Pauldo, the minister, is shot by some lawless citizens who are in search for the supposed criminal, Pete Gunn, is full of startling horror and southern injustice.

Mrs. Erskine has written a remarkable novel. She has taken a bold stand. How far she has succeeded in presenting truth and honesty remains to be seen by the working of our moral, social and political systems. The author has been fortunate in attiring her problems, or opinions, with poetic vesture. Her style is pleasing, idyllic. The episodes rise strongly and dramatically and fall with a perfect balance of harmony. It is satisfying to know that the race has to be treated in so strong a book with consideration, with a humanitarian desire to be simply honest and fair by one who has no partial personal sentiments.

The product of literature which flows most readily and with the least astounding result, poetry, brings with the appearance of its fledgling volumes, a sense of expectation and surprise, or of despair and disgust, as to hold a carnival of mixed sentiment over the reviewer's table. One opens a new volume by a new poet of our race with keen anticipation; it is interesting to study what influence predominate the tendencies of their muse; with the divergent forces premeating the atmosphere of our civilization—the ethical conduct of our ways and means, the altitude of our æsthetics—it is curious to detect under what "masters" our poets have set for inspiration and strength.

To my mind our race should recognize that we are at the commencement of a "Negroid" renaissance (to use the epithet, Mr. Thomas has coined for our use) that will have in time as much im-

portance in literary history as the much spoken of and much praised Celtic and Canadian renaissance. Mr. Dunbar certainly command as wide a reading audience as Mr. Carman, leader of the Canadian school, or that fascinating elusive, Mr. W. B. Yeats of the Celtic revival. Behind Mr. Dunbar there is a following, if not as large and as meritorious as the followers of Carman and Yeats, it ought to be better known to the public than they are.

While Carrothers, Davis and Campbell hold a relative position in our poetic movement as Roberts, Lampman and Scott, Lionel Johnson, Nora Hopper and Fiona MacLeod hold respectively in the Celtic and Canadian schools, there are behind these writers, poets of our race who deserve appreciative mention.

In Mary Weston Fordham's "*Magnolia Leaves*" there is displayed genuine feeling and a true lyrical quality. Her numbers are musical but often carelessly considered in an exuberant effort to develop some effective thought. There is just a slight suggestion of passion that rarely verges beyond a strong ardent sense which seems born of the author's fertile fancy. And, indeed, passion, as found in the work of the greater Victorian poets, or in certain poets of America, particularly Poe, Lanier and Whitman, is seldom to be found prominently occupying the muse of our modern poets. But there are in Mrs. Fordham's verse other qualities that recommend her highly to serious consideration. Tenderness, an appreciative insight in nature, a pictorial sense of physical form and an exquisite belief in religious faith, pervade the tone of her lyrics with eminent consistency. Mrs. Fordham also strikes notably the modern note on the string of labor; but unlike Markham, she finds for her toil driven soul a balm in religious belief.

In "The Washerwoman" there are some lines strikingly impressive as any in Hood's memorable "Song of the

Shirt." Whether we be in the office or parlor, the very first line of the poem takes us to the woman and her task:

"With hands all reddened and sore,
With back and shoulders low bent,
She stands all day and part of the night
Till her strength is well-nigh spent.
With her rub—rub—rub—
With her wash, rinse, shake,
Till the muscles start and the spirit sinks,
And bones begin to ache.

At morn when the sunbeams scatter
In rays as golden and bright,
She yearns for the hour of even,
She longs for the restful night.
Still she rubs—rubs—rubs,
With *energy born of want*
For the larder's empty and must be filled,—
The fuel's growing scant."

Throughout the remaining portions of the poem are thoughts of optimistic hope and cheer:
and,

"Thou hast for thy comfort that rest, sweet rest,

Will be found on that other shore.
Then they who have washed their souls
Will dip in the crystal tide
Of the fountain clear, that was oped to man
From the Saviour's wounded side."

The "Chicago" and "Atlanta" Exposition odes are splendid example of civic and racial pride, but, as a rule, this kind of verse seldom elicit one's admiration without spoiling one's illusion of purely disinterested art. The "Maiden and the River" and "Creation" are finely wrought poems of creative poetic insight; "Creation" is a perfect psalm of praise to the power and beauty of the universe; its spiritual significance rings with exquisite melody:

"Fountains and Rivulets so clear,
That gush amid the valleys fair
With soft and mellow ring;
As coming forth from glade and wood
Your babblings whisper 'God is good,'
Ye make the vales to sing."

IN COLUMBIA'S FAIR LAND.

A LESSON OF BARBARISM AND INJUSTICE.

CHAS. H. WILLIAMS, BARABOO, WIS.

"When in the course of human events," a people become so lost to the demands of justice, as to organize a "Mafia," and keep it in operation many years, to murder members of another class, because they have African blood in their veins and had been oppressed for centuries, why should not that oppressed people have the right to organize a semi-religious body, or other organizations, for improvement, as a means to progress as other people do, and become men and women of affairs? It seems that they have not that right. The unwritten law of that "white man's" country, "the real law of the land, prohibits all such—punishing by death the leaders thereof.

From Shreveport, La., during the past summer, there came the following dispatch: "John G. Foster was shot and killed on the Foster plantation, this morn-

ing by a Negro of the name of Prince Edwards. Foster was 22 years of age and belonged to one of the leading families of Louisiana. There is much excitement in the vicinity and threats of lynching Edwards, if apprehended, are heard on all sides."

The dispatch is silent as to the cause of the killing. They always are, when the white man killed by a Negro is in fault. Can it be that Foster had in some way wronged Edwards? Was Foster about to shoot the Negro for some words he considered insulting, quite a common occurrence in that "white man's country," and the Negro shot first? Or had Foster outraged the mother, wife, daughter or sister of Edwards; one of the wrongs suffered by colored women, for whom there is no protection, and sometimes committed by members of leading fam-

ilies, and Edwards, the Negro, had learned the lesson taught by the white man and had the courage to put it into practice. In all such cases in the past, the evidence goes to show, whenever it has been obtained, that the blame lies with the white man.

The next day a second dispatch stated: "Armed posses of white men are out to capture Edwards. A dozen or more other Negroes are under arrest in Kennebrew's store and what fate tonight may have in store for them is uncertain."

It seemed to be known that Edwards killed Foster and armed posses of (crazed) white men were after him. At the same time in this Christian nation, not in "Heathen China," a dozen or more men and women were put under arrest, for the same killing, not because there was evidence against them, but because they have in their veins the blood of the stolen and enslaved Africans. Which arrest meant, being held in readiness for a band of lawless savages, more dangerous to the black man than a pack of ravenous wolves, and for whom there is no protection, when charged with a crime, in this land of liberty, of Christian civilization, outside the protecting walls of a penitentiary.

The dispatch further stated: "There had been bad feeling for sometime between the Negroes and overseers, and Foster was appealed to to settle the differences, and upon reaching a Negro cabin was fired upon and killed.

No sane man or woman should believe that. Why fire upon Foster, when he came by request to settle differences between parties? The story is improbable, and it is fair to assume, judging from the past, was pre-arranged as a step toward lynching those confined at the store, and to send out to northern people, knowing they would accept and believe any story the tendency of which was to damage the character of the Negroes.

The store (as stated) where the Negroes were confined was guarded by a posse of twenty-five white men. Can

we be certain that the guarding force would not be among and of the lynchers when the time came, being of service in holding the Negroes until that time? Would a guarding posse dare protect Negroes under an arrest charged with a crime, in that or any other southern community—when, as local papers have informed us, "the best citizens of the county took part in the lynching" when, "even church members, white, can and do slay us at their pleasure without effecting their standing in the least."

"There was much feeling against two other Negroes, "Prophet" Smith and Edward Washington, both of whom are under arrest. Smith is believed to be at the bottom of all the trouble, while Washington is said to have been active in aiding Edwards to escape."

The old story told again. Shaping things to execute the "unwritten law, the real law of that white man's country"—arranging to take the life of one or more colored men of ability and influence. We should assume, it is reasonably probable such is the fact, that Smith and Washington were leaders, men of influence among their people, men of courage and independence, striving to elevate their people, to induce them to become full men, claiming their rights as citizens and taking part in affairs.

There is, however, no place for such Negro men in that white man's country, they are disturbers of the public peace. And must we not assume that controlling influence regulating all things relating to Negroes directed their removal, as it probably did in the case of two other influential colored men, ministers of the gospel, Oliver Cromwell of Mississippi and Strickland of Georgia, who raised their bristles and condemned the wrongs against their people, and Frank B. Hood of Mississippi, a college graduate and school teacher, a manly and influential young Negro, whom three hundred of the best citizens shot to death in his school room.

"There were many rumors afloat, the

most sensational being, that the Negroes in the Kennebrew's store were in peril of being lynched." Nothing sensational about that, but a real fact, it is probable, causing a degree of suffering the most intense to those poor souls and their families; citizens whom this great nation dare not protect. A case very similar to that of Palmetto, Georgia, where nine Negroes charged with setting fire to some buildings that were burned, were placed under arrest and guarded, as in this case, but all, while asserting their innocence, were shot to death by the self-constituted posse.

While it is probable there were quite a number of white people in that vicinity, who are appealing for mercy and legal action, that education of barbarism and injustice towards Negroes, coming to the children and youth of the Southern States, during the past thirty-five years has a preponderating influence generally irresistible and succeeds in accomplishing its barbarous work.

By a later dispatch from New Orleans, we learn the Negro "Prophet" Smith and another F. D. McLand had been lynched, "on the charge of being leaders of a Negro Mafia, a fanatical semi-religious order which had in view the murder of whites, and that Foster, who was killed by Edwards, was formally and officially selected by the society to be murdered."

Here again assuming this statement to be true, the Negroes had learned another lesson from the white man and had the courage to put it into practice—an indication of progress, of the coming ability to do and to be. Thirty or more years ago the white people of the South organized a very extensive Mafia, with branches in all Southern States known as Kluklux, Red Shirts, regulators and self-constituted posses. Its main object being, to put out of the way, by means of the rope and the Winchester, capable, independent, influential Negroes, men having courage, who were striving to lead their people to struggle for their rights as men taking part in affairs, and to in-

timidate all others from doing likewise. How thoroughly and effectually that Mafia did its work in cold-blooded and barbarous killing, unlawfully, of men, women and children, along with the decree, that death is the fate of any Negro who accepts the appointment of postmaster. Negroes occupying such places induce other Negroes to aspire to and strive for places in affairs, the greatest crime committed by a Negro in that "white man's" country.

Why should not the Negroes follow the teachings of the "superior race" and organize a mafia to murder the white people? If right for that "superior people," why not for the Negroes, who are in a great measure what the white man made them. But it is very probable, the story of the mafia is a mere fiction, concocted by the leaders of the white mafia, as an excuse for lynching the Negroes, Smith and McLand, leaders among their people.

Furthermore, it is self-evident, there can be no foundation for the mafia story. It is not at all probable that "Prophet" Smith would have the courage and the folly, knowing as he did the power, cruelty and injustice of the mob spirit against Negroes, so thoroughly imbedded in that people through inheritance and education, to organize such a society, for the purpose named, and keep records of proceedings, and certainly would not be able to induce other Negroes to join. That fear of the white man whipped into them during slavery, along with the savage barbarism of the white mafia, would deter any and all of that people. So that the entire charge against "Prophet" Smith, no doubt leading man among that people, and that of the mafia organization, is only another of the cruel, unjust methods invented, to put out of the way the leaders of that suffering colored people to prevent them from becoming citizens, taking part in affairs as such.

The name of this so-called Negro mafia is "The Church of the Living God," "Prophet" Smith, the leader (minister)

of this religious order. There are prophets among the white people in many parts of the country, who claim to be called by God to preach a new religion, differing somewhat from the Christian religion as taught, doubtless honest in their claim. It is very probable, "Prophet" Smith was just such a man. Called of God, as he believed, to elevate, encourage in well-doing his long oppressed and suffering people. It is very probable that the Prophet was not driven out of Shreveport by the Chief of Police, because his sermons were inflammatory, but because he was teaching Negroes, among other things for their good, to become upright, correct men, to become courageous and manly in facing the many difficulties by which they were surrounded, by which their road of progress was being obstructed, by the white people, teaching them to claim their rights as citizens, their right to take part in affairs. The white mafia, having decreed that was a "white man's" country, that the Negro should have no part in its government nor its social life, deemed such teachings incendiary and no doubt ordered the Chief, it having full power in all matters relating to Negroes, to stop all such incendiary talk. In complying with the order the Chief turned the "Prophet" out of the city.

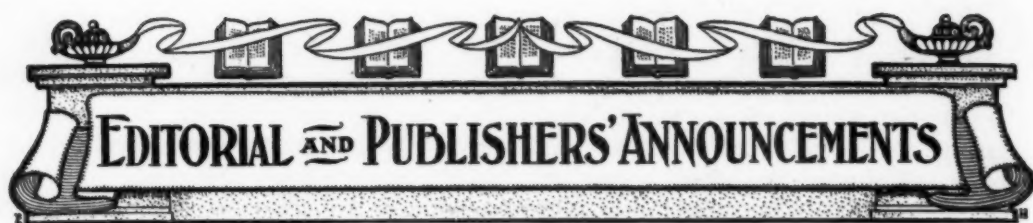
The above, a restatement of the important points of the brief reports of those unfortunate and discreditable occurrences in the vicinity of Shreveport, during the month of June last, with reasonable and proper conclusions thereon, based upon very similar acts, in the past, among that people, showing without a doubt a degree of cruelty and injustice of common occurrence in the Southern states, seldom equaled even among savage people—acts shamefully disgraceful anywhere, but especially so among a people claiming to be the most civilized and Christian of all others.

But this is not all. With these great wrongs towards an oppressed people in constant practice among us, we accept

the situation with a cold indifference truly discreditable. Our prominent newspapers published in full the story furnished the press reporters, coming from the lawless men who commit these great crimes, seldom commenting thereon. And, as stated by intelligent colored people, will not publish their articles in explanation of these barbarities, in defence of Negroes whose lives have been taken. The Sunday issue of one city paper, published during the time of the Shreveport cruelties, devoted over seven pages to sporting news and not a paragraph in comment or condemnation of the uncivilized outrages being enacted near that Southern city.

Our scholarly and prominent men who speak and write against wrongs and injustice of a public character; who spoke publicly and wrote against Spanish wrongs to Cubans and the Philippines—against what they conceived, our wrongs and injustice to the Philippines—make no public utterance against the wrongs suffered by our colored people, make no call upon the government to remove these cruelties. Our church organizations, church members and their ministers, are equally indifferent and careless as to these sad wrongs, when they cry aloud to the government to prevent Turkish barbarities to Armenian Christians and urge punishment and indemnity for the lives taken and property of Armenian missionaries destroyed. All seem to accept quietly and with indifference, the cruelties and great injustice now in constant practice and permitted against a people who with their ancestors we have oppressed for centuries. And furthermore fail to see and consider the sad and unfortunate education, coming from these cruel and unjust acts, to the children and youth of the people, black and white, which will some day bring among them a pandemonium of evil that will shock the civilized world.

Think of it, ye good people, South as well as North! At whose door will that unfortunate condition lie?



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It seems especially unfortunate that when Charleston is stretching out her arms in invitation to countries and islands, which abhor the barbaric savagery with which Senator Tillman seeks to crush out every noble aspiration of the dark-hued races where they come into business or social relations with the Caucasian, should be handicapped by such senatorial utterances as the following:—

GUTHRIE, OK., Oct. 24, 1901.—Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina, who is here on a tour, said last night, in speaking of the Booker Washington incident: "The action of President Roosevelt in entertaining that nigger will necessitate our killing a thousand niggers in the South before they will learn their place again."

Surely nothing could be more certain to disgust and deter from a general attendance at the Charleston Exposition the many gentlemen of African and mixed descent, who are not only wealthy and enterprising factors in West Indian and South and Central American life, but are prominent in business and political matters.

It will be a heavy price to pay for the privilege of such senatorial representation if the efforts of Charleston to secure and extend her just and reasonable share of West Indian commerce are paralyzed by the belief that, in Charleston, public opinion will only allow of such business or civic courtesy to a foreigner of color, as will take his money

and sell him goods on condition that he accepts such degrading and contemptuous toleration as is dictated by a brutal prejudice, which is deterred from insult and brutality only by utter greed.

The merchant, be he white or black, who realizes that such an utterance really voices the sentiment of Charleston, will never willingly aid in building up her commerce or manufactures, if he belongs to or sympathizes with the Negro, mulatto and mestizo inhabitants of sub-tropical America.

For our own part, the utterances of such a brute are but the ravings of a graceless demagogue whom Providence, for what mysterious reason or purpose we know not, has chosen to send into the world, centuries after his fitting congeners, the troglodytes and fish-eaters of pre-historic times had eaten and slain, and bellowed their lust of slaughter, until earth was weary of them and cancelled the edition. In the long run Tillman must follow them, for the world cannot endure such an era of wholesale violence, hatred and disaster as would surely result if there were many fellows of his kind at large and prominent in American business and political life.

THE PRESIDENT DINES WITH A NEGRO.

President Roosevelt has quickly distinguished his administration by an act superbly picturesque, unconventional and, some say, shocking. He has had a Negro to dinner in the White House.

Booker T. Washington was the guest at the president's table. It is recalled by those interested in this remarkable event that no other colored man has ever been thus entertained, unless an exception be made of former Senator Blanche K. Bruce of Mississippi. Southerners say the Roosevelt invitation to Booker Washington is practically without precedent, for Bruce, if he ever dined at the White House, was prominent in reconstruction times soon after the civil war.

It is quite unnecessary to say that our feeling is one of approval of the president's act. It was high time that some leader of the Negro race in America was invited to dinner at the White House. But the incident seems to have aroused intense resentment in certain circles of southern society. The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes that "indignation is expressed among southern men generally that the president should, in the face of his declarations of friendliness toward the people of the South, take this early opportunity to show such a marked courtesy and distinction to a colored man." A southern congressman is quoted as saying that the dinner would undo all the good the president had accomplished in appointing ex-Gov. J. G. Jones a federal judge. Another declared "The South can never take to its heart any man who has had a colored man at the table with him." Still another said: "All the democratic appointments the president can make would fail to reconcile the South to the fact that the president of the United States ate at the same table with a 'nigger.'" Most surprising of all is the bitter attack upon the president by the Memphis Commercial-Appeal:—

"The most damnable outrage which has ever been perpetrated by any citizen of the United States was committed yesterday by the president, when he invited a nigger to dine with him at the White House. It would not be worth more than

a passing notice if Theodore Roosevelt had sat down to dinner in his own home with a Pullman palace-car porter, but Roosevelt the individual and Roosevelt the president are not to be viewed in the same light."

Bitter retort to such comment would be unwise and quite profitless. The reason for the feeling so acutely and passionately expressed is not far to seek. Southern whites resent any suggestion of social equality between the two races. And in this particular southern women are even more insistent and uncompromising than southern men. While recognizing that feeling as an incontestable fact, it is our wish to take exception to the southern conception of the social function of the presidential office. The president of the United States is not a monarch who, like King Edward, stands officially and constitutionally at the apex of a social system founded on caste. The president of the United States cannot make or unmake any American citizen in a social sense. "Society," in plain English, is none of his business. He is bound in all conscience not to discriminate between races or citizens in his White House hospitality. The only social test he can prescribe is that of personal worth, and any American, black or white, who meets Thomas Jefferson's three qualifications for holding public office is fit to break bread with the president of the United States.

President Roosevelt's dinner with Booker Washington may have been an indiscretion in a cheap political sense, but really it was splendid in its recognition of the essential character of the presidential office. A body of citizens that represent the brawn, the taxes paid and the potency in war of the blacks of the United States deserve to be honored as the president has honored them through one of their greatest leaders.—From *The Springfield Republican*.

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